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Cecilia of the Court

Isabella R. Hess

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Saint Cecilia of the Court

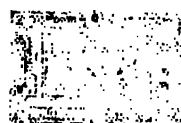


"You sang that song well."

SAINT CECILIA OF THE COURT

By *Isabella B. Allen*

*The sweetest days are those we spend,
When we are all together,
And we can all be true to each other,
And to the love we find,
The world may go on as it pleases,
But we will live the sweetest lives,
And be content to live as we please.*



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SAINT CECILIA OF THE COURT

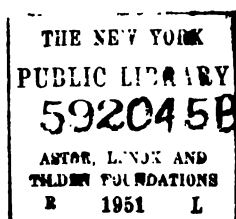
By Isabella R. Hess,

*The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The book of life the shining record tells.
—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.*



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*To
the three best sisters
a motherless girl
ever had.*

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Saint Cecilia of the Court

I

THE COMING OF CECILIA

JIM BELWAY, having wiped off one little pane of his tiny window, the better to peer through the rainy mist and the twilight gloom of the court, casually noticed that a new family was moving into No. 20, which was directly opposite his shop. Not that there was anything sufficiently novel in that to attract his attention—for outside of the few inhabitants who, having dwelt for years in the shadow of the Court, constituted its aristocracy, the population was very nomadic; even the aristocrats were not above frequently changing their domain from one tenement to another, or from apartment to apartment in the same house; but then moving, in the Court, was robbed of most of the features which make it dreaded outside, for it could be done with charming readiness, the household goods of the residents being restricted to those demanded by absolute necessity.

But there was a certain air about the operations going on across the way that held Jim's attention. Firstly, the commander-in-chief, or, perhaps more properly speaking, the commandress-in-chief, wore a waist whose warm crimson colour lent an air of festivity to the proceedings; even her voice had a ring which bespoke conscious superiority to her surroundings. Secondly, a man was lifting into the hall a marble-topped table, a fact which needed not the seeing, for the crimson-garbed lady in the doorway was eloquently anxious about its safety, and loudly announced that it had once cost twelve dollars, and that not so very long since, either. When by knocking the precious table against the sill, the man was overwhelmed by a volume of fiery reproaches, Jim found the performance interesting enough to step outside the shop, where Mickey Daley was industriously sucking a lemon stick.

"And who is it that's moving in now?" asked Jim, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

"Who is it?" Mickey removed the stick of candy from his mouth. "It's the Sweeneys, that's who."

Neither of them had noticed the girl who was

JIM

standing near them, holding by the hand a little fellow whose stout body and puffed-out cheeks stood out in amusing contrast to her own little thin figure and sharp pointed features ; she turned at Mickey's short words, and, planting herself squarely before them, said curtly, " Well, and what if it is ? "

Jim, with that air of calm meditation which was his most distinguishing trait, calmly puffed on his pipe ; but Mickey, who felt within him the soul-stirring independence of a free-born citizen, drew up his sturdy form firmly, and asked promptly, " Say, do you know who yer sassin' ? "

" No, I don't know who I'm sassin' ! " If Mickey had thought to impress the girl by his cool assumption of grandeur, he had evidently failed, for her big eyes shot fire at him as she snapped back, " And what's a good deal more, I don't care, and I ain't afraid to sass you back nor nobody else what lives in this Court ! "

The pugilistic Mickey was quite unaccustomed to such fearless tones from any one his own size, particularly from a girl, so he took in the situation with rather a puzzled air that was not entirely lost on the girl, for with a magnificent toss

of the head that reminded Jim vaguely of the lady in the scarlet waist, "There ain't nobody in this Court what's any better than the Sweeneys!"

"Oh, ain't there!" Mickey's tone was full of fine irony. "Well, maybe there's a lot what's just as good!"

"Maybe there is, and then maybe there ain't." The girl turned her back ungraciously on Mickey, and jerking her thumb over her shoulder in his direction, spoke to Jim: "Say, who's that, any way?"

Jim let his black eyes drift slowly over the child's indignant face, and took a long puff before he answered; then, without a twitch of his solemn face, he made them a courtly bow, and pointing to Mickey, announced, "Mr. Michael Daley, ma'am, at your service. Now, who may *you* be?"

With a firm uplifting of her red-crowned head, and without one glance at Mickey, she introduced herself. "I'm Cecilia Angelina Sweeney, that's who I am!"

"Holy Smokes!" Mickey sat down on the ground with a suddenness that boded ill for his spinal column, and mimicked the name in a high and shrill key. "Cecilia Angelina Sweeney!

Did you ever hear the likes of that for a name, now!"

"Well, it's just the likes of you that wouldn't be knowin' the name of a blessed saint!" Cecilia delivered her speech with a sarcastic emphasis that proved she knew what a master stroke it was. Jim tried not to smile as Mickey turned an awe-struck face up to his.

"Say, Jim, did *you'se* ever hear of a saint named Cecilia Angelina?"

"And who said that any saint was called that?" demanded the girl fiercely. "It was Cecilia that was a saint, and a fine one she was too! she was that fine it's no wonder the likes of *you* never heard of her! and Angelina is a name that my aunt what's dead read in a book; it's my aunt herself what's an angel now and so she knew it was a fine name. So there!"

If Cecilia's plan of reasoning was somewhat lame, Mickey did not discover it, but was reduced to a state of incoherent murmuring. Jim, to turn the tide of battle gave the little fellow clinging to the girl's skirt, a playful poke, and inquired, "And what's your name, now!"

"Puddin'!" The little one, feeling that he had been too long unnoticed, dug his hands into the

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depths of the pockets of his dilapidated trousers, and shrieked forth the word in one *staccato* breath.

Jim shook his head. "I say, what's your name?"

As if fearful that Jim's lack of understanding came from insufficient lung power on his part, the boy drew in his breath with a great gasp, and yelled, "My name's Puddin'!"

Jim cast a reproachful look at Mickey, who was chuckling loudly, and spoke thoughtfully, "That's a fine name, now! only I never heard it before."

Mickey turned grandly to Jim then, and observed sarcastically, "And didn't you never hear tell of Saint Puddin'?"

"You—you ——!" Cecilia stopped for lack of a word to express her contempt. "It's makin' fun you are of the blessed saints! and I wouldn't be wastin' my breath on such as you!" Then she stopped to explain to Jim, "His right name is Joseph Michael, but he's always been that fat and round that it's Puddin' he's always been called, and if ye never *did* hear tell of it before, it's a better name than some others I've heard tell of right here!" And with this part-

ing shot, she went, and left them looking after her through the misty gloom.

Mickey followed Jim into the shop, and sat down on one end of his bench, while Jim reached up to light the lamp, which speedily threw a few cheery yellow gleams across the tiny room; but tiny as the room was, it was known to every child in the Court as the only place holding a bit of cheer, in which they were welcome. What with the bench and the little stove, the room was quite crowded when Jim had even one visitor. A curtain, which made no pretense to being anything but an old quilt, was stretched across the rear end, shutting from view the cot on which Jim slept, and the nails holding his surplus wardrobe, consisting of a much-worn black coat, and his hat, which was only worn on his weekly exodus from the Court. On the wall, there, by the cot, hung a picture, the only pretense Jim had ever made to elegance; it was only a photograph, and a rather faded one at that; the face was not even beautiful, but there was in it, when one looked close, a beauty that was hidden from the casual observer. The frame was of rich gilding—only Jim knew how many months of self-denial that frame had cost.

It would seem that self-denial was almost an impossibility for Jim, for from what luxuries, nay, almost what comforts, could he deny himself? He worked, and ate, and slept within the narrow borders of the shop. Work was rarely plenty, and his income but sufficed to pay the rent and buy the little food he required ; still, he had but himself to provide for, and now and then a child, running in, would be offered an apple or a bit of candy. How could the child know that it had been treasured just for the satisfaction Jim would feel to see the little hands clutch the rare dainty? For Jim's most prominent trait was his absorbing love of childhood, and not a child in the dozens that swarmed in the Court but that knew it well. Was it morning? Not one went by without pausing to see if he were within. Was it night? They crowded into the shop, to hear a story, or at the very least, to hear a kindly word. Was there a quarrel amongst the children at the pump, the social meeting-place in the centre of the yard? Then Jim, when it grew noisy, had only to shout a sharp word from the doorway, for well they knew that he had no favours for any one who fought.

They had often asked him how old he was,

and always came the same answer, "How old could I be now if not as old as my thumb?" If you looked at his eyes, he was young! For in spite of constant use, they were bright and youthful. The fringe of hair that surrounded the bald spot on his head, was gray—his form, from bending so much over awl and needle, could no longer straighten out entirely; still, he could not be very old, for his voice rang clear, he could pitch marbles as well as the rest of them, and he could whittle the end of a piece of broomstick until it had eyes and nose and mouth, so that many a little girl expended on such a doll all the deep maternal longing which filled her childish heart.

And then, too, the children knew that, upon the shelf over the cot, was a pasteboard box, holding a flute. Sometimes, when he felt unusually good, he would take it down, and play a bit of melody that would make their feet tap the floor in merry tune—then his black eyes would glow, and seem to grow blacker still, eyes, inherited, with his innate love of music, from his Italian father. But there was nothing Italian in the way he played "Yankee Doodle," while the audience shouted it forth with more force than

melody ; but there was a smoothness to his voice when he sang that may have come also from his father, for who, having come to earth under Italy's sky, failed to imbue the softness and richness and languor of the air ? But with all the smoothness of his voice, Jim had dwelt too long within the Court not to have caught the prevailing speech, which would have made a stranger mark him as more Celt than Italian.

Perhaps he was thinking of all this just now, for he let his hands fall idly in his lap, and observed to Mickey, " The Yankee that's in me would be makin' me start to work, but the Italian wants me to be playin' a tune."

Nothing could suit Mickey better. " Sure, I'd help the Eyetalian knock the Yankee out !"

And forthwith, the Italian won the day, or rather the evening, for Jim played tune after tune, soft, plaintive little airs, and then rollicking dance tunes, until the bell of the church just without the Court began to strike.

Jim stopped long enough to say, " Count 'em, Mickey."

And Mickey counted until he reached ten, to Jim's dismay, who had forgotten the time, and to Mickey's also, who felt that, though he was very

tired and sleepy, Jim's shop was preferable to the apartment, three flights up, in the rear of No. 8, where likely his father was drunk and quarrelsome.

II

HOW CECILIA BECAME A SAINT

THE settling of a new home is hardly an arduous or lengthy task, when the household goods are few in number ; so Mrs. Sweeney, rising the next morning, scarcely remembered that it *was* a new home, until she bumped her head against the projecting edge of the little mantel-shelf. Puddin', knowing well the probable effects of such an accident, promptly slipped out into the hallway ; Cecilia, busy trying to make a fire blaze up in the miserably cracked little stove, only turned her head sharply at her mother's ejaculation and went on.

She felt her ear tingle with the expected blow, and, as if it were beneath noticing, she didn't answer the torrent of angry words.

" And if it's lighting the lamp you were right, it wouldn't be so pitch dark in here than I couldn't be seein' at all."

Stumbling her way over to the little lamp, which, from the table, was trying to make its

feeble rays pierce the gloom of the dawn, Mrs. Sweeney turned it up until it smoked and blackened the chimney. "It's working and working and working I am every day of my life, to keep your mouths filled, and little's the thanks I'm likely to get from the likes of you."

Cecilia threw her head back with an angry jerk. "'Tain't the filling of our mouths that's like to trouble you—it's the filling of that there."

Mrs. Sweeney had little need to follow the girl's contemptuous glance, to where it rested on a bottle, half-filled, that stood on the shelf; it wasn't the first time that the ugly topic was broached and she quivered with a guilty start whenever Cecilia spoke of it. When her brain was clouded by the drink, she was as brutal and ugly as its slaves always are; but its mention, when its effect was over, fell upon her with a dread chill.

She murmured apologetically now, "'Twas only a wee sup I took last night, for my tooth that was achin' so bad."

Cecilia dully shrugged her shoulders, as she placed on the table the scanty breakfast, and called Puddin' in from the hall. The table, being minus one of its legs, was propped up against the

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wall, and, possibly after the fashion of the model French kitchen, was so near the stove that she could, from her seat, lift the pot of boiling tea back and forth. It seems an effort of Nature to preserve the eternal balance, that where there is a lack of food there is an overabundance of appetite, and vice-versa. Puddin', washing down the last mouthful of his bread with the rest of his tea, cast a longing glance at the piece that lay on Cecilia's saucer, and when she had silently given it to him, he still felt conscious of an unsatisfied spot. But, being entirely used to the sensation, he leaned back, and thoughtfully remarked, "Say, Celie, when they treated us fellers in school that day, they give us plates to lay our bread on."

"Plates to lay your bread on!" Cecilia held her cup still half-way to her lips. "And if you'd be puttin' your bread on a plate, what would you be puttin' on the saucer?"

This was a tough problem to solve. Puddin' pondered over it awhile, but gave it up in despair, and went down to the courtyard. His mother, hastily donning the red waist, which, being the only waist in her wardrobe, was always honoured with the selection, went out to her

How Cecilia Became a Saint 23

work in the factory a few blocks off; not, however, before she had taken a generous swallow from the bottle on the mantel.

Had she looked back a moment later, she would have seen Cecilia shaking her fist, amid a burst of tears, at the offending bottle. "Oh, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!" she sobbed out. Sobbed, so long as there was no one there to know it—she would have scorned to shed a tear if it could be seen.

That bottle! how well she knew the demon that lurked in it. The children of the tenements are old beyond their years, and Cecilia, in all her thirteen years, could not remember a time when she did not know what that bottle meant. What was the secret that her mother held close to her heart, which never even in her most intoxicated moments she ever hinted at—the secret that Cecilia prayed that seven-year-old Puddin' might never know,—but that her father had died in the penitentiary where his drinking had finally sent him, and where his shattered constitution gave way. She knew how good her mother could be when she was sober—she knew too, only too well, how ugly when she was drinking, and how many days' work was lost because

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of it. She didn't mind it that she must do the work of the home,—how faithfully she did it, the floor and table always gave evidence,—if only she could help Puddin' along; she longed for the time when she would be big, so that she could take Puddin', and run away, anywhere. Even her mother's occasional blows did not disturb her much, but let so much as a finger be laid on Puddin', and she was up in arms, and it must have been the blood of the brave ancestors of whom her mother had told her, that swept up in hot surges to her face. Many a time she went hungry that Puddin' should not lack, and remembering her fierce rebellion when two years before she had had to leave school, she tried to teach dull little Puddin' all that her acute brain had taken in so readily.

She remembered with a start that it was almost school time, and knowing how much rather Puddin' would be tardy than timely, she made a hurried excursion to the courtyard, and found him calmly sailing a chip on the puddle under the spout of the pump. Despite the jeers of the other boys, she escorted him to the entrance of the Court, and then wended her way back to the pump. Mickey Daly, one of the loungers

at that centre of social life, announced her coming. "Say, here comes the Saint!"

"The Saint!" echoed one of the boys with a mocking laugh. "A saint with red hair."

Cecilia placed her hands on her hips, and pursed up her lips as she stopped to look at the group. Not only Mickey's own hair was almost as vividly red as her own, but his face was adorned with unnumbered freckles. The boy who had called *her* hair red had a pug nose that seemed to be seeking a loftier atmosphere than that of Flanery Court, and she noted, in her casual survey, that he had a hairlip. Then she gave a short derisive laugh. "You're a *fine* lookin' crowd to be talkin' of red hair!"

Perhaps it was his own shortcoming in this respect which instantly made Mickey her ally. "If any one of you say a word about her, I'll—I'll fight the hull of you!"

If the boys were astonished at this sudden assertion of friendship, Cecilia was more so. She evidently doubted the depth of the feeling, for she said shortly, "If I don't like what they say, I can fight them myself."

The boys watched her, as she walked off, and Mickey noted that there was a rather respectful

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tone to their remarks; he was even conscious of a certain pleasure in the high-sounding name he repeated to the crowd, and in the way they repeated it syllable by syllable.

Cecilia Angelina Sweeney! Never in the history of the Court had such a name been known there. "How do you spell it out?" asked one of them, curiously.

Mickey's voice took on a tone of surprised reproof. "How do you spell the name of a blessed saint? it's heathen you must be! S-e-s-e-a-l-y, that's how."

"St. Cecilia." The boy with the pug nose repeated it contemptuously. "There ain't no such saint as that!"

Mickey doubled up his fists and started forward—any argument could be settled, according to Court ethics, by muscular effort; the pug-nosed opponent, evidently not anxious to meet the renowned Mickey, or rather, Mickey's renowned fists, proposed to ask Jim. So the crowd repaired to the shop, where Jim, with his mouth full of pegs was industriously putting a new sole on a pair of boots that were adorned with many other evidences of his art. He lifted his eyes as they came in, and hospitably moved



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on, so that one of them could sit on the bench with him. He listened attentively to the query. "You want to know if there was ever a saint by the name of Cecilia?"

The boys nodded.

Jim paused a moment to give his answer due weight. He was quite used to having questions of all kinds submitted to him, for he was far and away the best-read man in the Court; in the first place he was known to take a daily paper, an unusual, and, according to the ideas prevalent, a quite unnecessary indulgence; and besides, he was frequently seen evenings, poring over a book by the light of his little lamp, a book borrowed from the free library not many blocks away. And if the reading of books, in preference to spending the time in the groggery at the entrance to the Court, is not a proof of wisdom, what, argued the Court, can be!

He hammered in a few pegs thoughtfully. Then he fetched from behind the curtain a box, filled with bits of newspaper art, and, sorting them carefully, picked out one of a girl with uplifted eyes, and a halo, playing on an organ. It was a crude print, but the boys looked at it curiously.

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"That's her," Jim explained simply, and pointed at the name printed below.

Mickey stifled the desire to triumphantly announce, "I told you so," to ask, "And what is she playing on a pianner for?"

"That's an organ." If Jim had required an added indorsement to his statement that the player was really a saint, he needed but to mention the organ. The boys all went, with a regularity that they denied every other function of life, to the church about ten blocks away; there they heard the playing of the organ, the only music they knew save that of the itinerant musician, whose wheezing tones so laboriously ground forth bore no resemblance to the rich harmony of the church instrument. So organs, and church, and saints all seemed to belong in the one sacred category.

Jim read aloud the bit beneath the print, that she was the patron saint of music, and the tradition that she had even invented the very first organ. "And every girl," he went on "who is named Cecilia, was kissed at the christening by the saint herself, and 'tis said there's never a one afterwards, but what has the music in her."

He looked around to see if they were duly impressed with the lore he had just woven, and

How Cecilia Became a Saint 29

was satisfied with the result; even he of the pug nose, remarked thoughtfully, "And do you think *she* was kissed by the saint herself?"

"Sure!" Jim responded solemnly. "It's in need of a saint this Court is, anyway."

And whether it was because the boys felt that the Court actually *did* need the presence of a saint, or, because the bit of nonsense Jim had told them impressed the minds more ready to believe the marvellous than the real, but "The Saint" they called her from that day forward, until they did not flavour it with even a tinge of sarcasm, but simply forgot that she had another name.

III

WITHIN JIM'S WORKSHOP

PERHAPS it was because of the high, gloomy buildings, perhaps because so little sun could creep through, that winter always seemed to come to Flanery Court before it came to the great city beyond; perhaps, too, it might be because coal was a luxury there, that they shrank with anticipating dread from the first blasts of the North Wind's breath.

Cecilia had early learned that the fire in the little stove must be allowed to go out after breakfast, and must not be rekindled until near evening, unless, of course, she and Puddin' could pick up enough half-burnt coal from the factory yards and down by the railroad tracks to allow the unwonted indulgence of a fire all day. So, often, in the days of early winter, she almost shyly sat in Jim's shop, enjoying the warmth, and the endless strain of talk and stories with which Jim regaled his guests. She noticed, too, that the colder the day, the more guests Jim had, the reason therefore her shrewd mind was not long

in guessing ; sometimes, she felt a savage satisfaction in this kinship of poverty ; at other times she would flush with an inexplorable feeling of pride and she would clinch her hands angrily, and without a word, run across the Court, and sit in gloomy and cold, but triumphant solitude in the dreary back room she called home.

Jim was always glad to have the child come in ; he was clever, Jim was ! he often would reply to his callers' unvoiced thoughts, and when he narrowed his eyes and looked straight at you, you had an uncomfortable feeling that, as Mickey explained one day (when Jim had caught him in a falsehood, not altogether an unusual thing), "His eyes look through your head and come out the other side." He often looked that way at the Saint, who returned his gaze, and every one's else, with an unflinching and direct look. Once in a while, too, he let her read the paper aloud to him as he worked, and if she mispronounced many of the longer words, why, just as Jim said, what difference could it make, when they knew what was meant ? And how she drank in the knowledge gleaned this way, only Jim knew, when days after, a word or two showed she had remembered each word she read.

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She stood with her nose flattened against the glass in the shop door, late one afternoon, when it had grown too dark to see the print. Next to the stove, nodding sleepily over his clay pipe, sat an old man, who, coming in to get warm at noon, had found the place too enticing to leave. Mickey, and Puddin', and a few more of the boys, were sitting comfortably on the floor, resting their backs against the wall, and watching Jim's little hammer go up and down. But even Jim's sharp eyes failed him in the gloom, and he dropped his work, and, spreading his knees far apart, he rested an elbow on each, and clasped his hands lazily.

"'Tis short days we're having," he remarked amiably, "not more than five o'clock, and dark enough to be lookin' cross-eyed. And not light enough to work until after breakfast."

"Say, Jim," Mickey's voice sounded as if he were propounding a most serious question, "if a feller don't get any breakfast, what time would he go to work?"

The Saint turned and answered the question promptly. "If a feller didn't go to work until he got his breakfast, and he didn't get any breakfast, he wouldn't be gettin' to work at all! Any

fool would know that! What I want to know is, what *makes* the days short?"

"And don't you know *that* now! and you with a saint's name!" Jim's voice was full of surprised reproach. "The boys here'll tell you."

Mickey, not relishing the Saint's sarcastic answer to his own question made a grimace in the dark as he said, "Any fool would know that! It's because it's winter."

"And is *that* the only reason you know?" Jim put his hands on his knees, and straightened out. "'Tis a mighty poor one! Well, now, it ain't the winter's fault, nor any one else's fault, but St. Peter's."

He reached forward for his pipe, and struck a match, and in its tiny glare, saw in the faces of his audience intense interest and some doubt.

"'Twas this way. When St. Peter was given the job of opening the door of heaven, he said it was long hours to be standing there all day and all night, too. So 'twas fixed that St. Peter should be standin' there daytimes, while another saint would watch the night. Now, you all know that St. Peter is an old man, and like to catch cold standin' there in the cold, so in the winter

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he makes the day start in late and stop early, so as not to be out so long. While in the summer 'tis the other saint has an easy time of it. And that's the true reason of it! And I suppose there ain't none of you that knows what makes it snow?"

As the silence proved they were as ignorant of this as of St. Peter's shrewdness, Jim smoked a few minutes thoughtfully, as if to refresh his memory. Then he began slowly, "'Tis a queer thing how little you all know! When a very good man dies, or for that matter, a woman either, but they must be mighty good! the angels get together and march around with their harps, and sing fine songs, to make them welcome. Now, wouldn't it be a fine procession, if their wings were all rumpled up! Indeed it would not! so, each time, they comb them out smooth, and it's the little feathers that come out that come floating down here to us."

"I was wondering," Cecilia spoke with a mingling of loyalty and unbelief, "if all the good people die in the winter? We don't have snow in summer." But before Jim had a chance to reply, she peered suddenly through the glass, and said, "There's my mother—she's sick."

Mickey had gotten up to look too, and seeing Mrs. Sweeney staggering across the yard, he laughed derisively. "Is *that* what you call sick! she's ——" but before he had a chance to finish it, the Saint's right hand had doubled up, and taking Mickey unawares, she tipped him backwards across the bench, where he sprawled amid the jeers of the boys. Before Jim had recovered from his surprise, she had seized Puddin' by the hand, and hurried out.

Mickey rubbed his head, where it had come in unpleasant contact with the floor, and the boys who had jeered saw written on his face the threat that once out of Jim's province, he'd pay them well. "If her mother is sick, there's a pile of sickness around," he sneered. "Say, Jim, did ye ever hear of any saint whose mother got drunk?"

"Well, I won't say I did and I won't say I didn't," Jim responded with fine diplomacy. "How else could a body get to be a saint, if it ain't by having such trouble?"

Evidently, Jim wasn't in the pleasantest frame of mind, and the boys got up to go; even the old man beside the stove managed to wake up enough to ask the time, and then decided he, too,

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would have to be looking around for something to eat.

It was an hour after, when Puddin' came in, and sat down on the bench with the remark, "Celie sent me here—said she was comin' by and by."

Jim saw the traces of recent tears in the red circles around his eyes, and the grimy streaks on his fat cheeks. He started to ask the reason, but thought better of it, and went behind the curtain; in a moment he emerged, with a huge slice of bread, buttered generously.

"Eat it," he commanded.

Like a soldier, Puddin' obeyed orders with admirable promptness; he gulped it down in great mouthfuls, and carefully picked up the few fallen crumbs from his lap, and ate them.

"You live here all alone, don't you, Jim?" Puddin', evidently feeling much better, was ready for conversation.

"All alone, and never get lonesome, neither."

"Wish I lived all alone—with Celie."

"Well, that's pretty near what you're doing now, with your mother away all day."

"I wish she was away all the time!" responded Puddin' earnestly.

"Puddin'," Jim spoke severely. "It's a bad thing you're wishin'! A body has no friend in the world like his mother!"

"What for does she hit me then?" Puddin's mind usually moved very slowly, but it needed no thought for his simple, but convincing answer.

Jim leaned back, to think over a suitable answer; before he thought of it, Cecilia came in, her hair lightly dusted with snowflakes.

"It's snowin' out," she remarked as she brushed them off, with a quick movement of her hand.

"It's all right for it to be snowin' out, so long as it don't snow in!" Jim thought this witticism worthy of an answering smile, but the girl crept close to the cheery stove, and made no answer. No traces of tears on her face! Jim, on the other side of the stove, noticed that the upper half of her face, shaded by the tumbled mass of red hair, was pretty and childish, but the lines that drew towards her tightly drawn lips made her look very old and careworn.

Puddin' broke the silence. "Jim gave me a big piece of bread-and-butter. More butter than you ever give me. It was good."

Cecilia tossed back her hair out of her eyes, and in her grateful glance, Jim saw what deep

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brown eyes she had. He saw, too, across her forehead, now that her hair was back, an ugly bruise.

"How'd you do that?" he asked, pointing to the bruise.

Puddin' started to answer, but she hushed him with a sharp word, as she swept the hair back again with a quick gesture. "I hit it—against the door." Jim saw a hot wave of red flush her face, although her eyes looked daringly into his. He hadn't lived in the Court so long without learning many things, and so said nothing. Instead, he got up for his flute, and with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, started to play. I do not know how well Jim played—it really could not matter, so long as he satisfied his audience; Puddin', soothed by the melody, simply let his head fall against the wall, and slept quietly, even the dirty streaks on his face fading in the stove's shadow. The drawn lines on the Saint's face relaxed, and once in a while, she gave a little sigh of restful content. Her red hair, glinting in the fire rays, fell over her forehead in a loose mass, which she now and then brushed back with a quick but graceful movement. Jim fancied that she, too, had fallen asleep, but heard her hum-

ming lightly to his tune, humming so tunefully that he tried to woo her into song by playing a snatch, here and there, of a half dozen of the popular street airs. But she only hummed carelessly, air after air, until he turned into a solemn old hymn, with which she was not familiar, but she leaned forward, and listened eagerly to the rich chords, and when it ended, in a burst of tender melody, said simply, "I like that! It reminds me of Jerusalem."

"Jerusalem!" Jim echoed. "And how could that remind you of Jerusalem. Sure that's in Asia!"

"I mean the song—the song 'Jerusalem'!"

Jim shook his head—he had never heard that song, he said. Did she know it?

"I don't know it exactly," the Saint explained. "The last Christmas I was in school, there was a lady sung it, and I can't forget some of it since. I wish I could hear it again, you bet I'd remember it all!"

"Now, if you'd sing what you *do* remember, maybe I'd know it myself," said Jim, cutely.

"I'll sing it!" Cecilia threw her head back, and let her hands fall idly in her lap. Her eyelids were half closed, but Jim could catch the

gleam of her brown eyes in the glare of the stove, and he noticed that when she started to sing, a look of rapt enjoyment came over her face that almost transfigured it. At the first note, Jim threw his head back, and gazed in bewilderment at the child—rich, strong, true, rang out the words, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Hark! How the angels sing, Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to your King!" With a perfect abandonment to the mere sense of an outpouring of self, she sang the words again and again, the rich full tones filling the little shop with echoing melody.

"That's it," she said, simply, as she finished.

"I don't know that song, at all," answered Jim. He reached for his pipe, and deliberately filled it from the package of tobacco he drew from his pocket; then he picked from the floor a burnt match, and opened the tiny stove door that he might light it again at the hot coals; he puffed at his pipe in silence for a few minutes, and then he remarked, carelessly, "You sung that song well—that you did!"

"Sung it well!" she echoed it scornfully. "You ought to have heard that lady sing it—like a bird!"

"Mebbe she did—mebbe she did." Jim looked

at his pipe meditatively. "But *you* sung it like a Saint!"

"Wish I *was* a saint! Wish I was any old thing so long as I was dead and away from here! I *hate* it here—I hate, hate, *hate* it!" The Saint had jumped to her feet, her body trembling with the feeling which she usually hid, but to which her outburst of music had unlocked the clasp; she shook her hair back unconsciously and the bruise, now coloured a sullen purple, stood forth distinctly. Puddin', awakened from his slumbers, sat up sleepily, and asked, "What's the matter, Celie?"

She crowded back the tears that had begun to gather in her eyes, and said cheerily, "Oh, nothing! I was only playin' off! Come on, Puddin', it's gettin' late!" and without so much as a "Good-night," she hurried out into the Court.

Jim sat still for a while by the little stove, and but for his puffing at his pipe, might have been asleep; then, when the smoke was ended, he knocked out the ashes from the bowl, and rose to lock the door of the shop. He peered for a moment across the Court, which bore its new carpet of white as proudly as if it would not

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again be miserably dirty on the morrow, and, letting his glance fall on No. 20, he said, half aloud, as he turned around, " You poor little thing! You might be playin' off for Puddin', but you can't fool Jim, that way! I seen too much of life not to know play actin' from real actin'!"

IV

THE ACCIDENT TO PUDDIN'

JIM missed the Saint all next day; usually she ran in several times, and to-day when she did not come, he found that something cheery was missing. He dropped his work at noon-time, when the noise in the courtyard told him that the youngsters were coming home from school, and watched for Puddin'. Even he failed him. After school in the afternoon, he casually walked over to the pump to see if Puddin' were not amongst the boys there. He seemed the only one missing. Mickey Daly was there, blowing into his red hands alternately to warm them, and fervently hoping that Jim was looking for some one to run an errand—an errand would probably mean a cent—a cent would certainly mean something to eat. Prompted by the cheering possibility, he remarked to Jim, "Is it me you re lookin' fur? If it is, I'm here!"

"So I see!" Jim answered cordially. "But I'm looking for Puddin'."

Mickey's face fell. "If it's an errand you want done, Puddin' won't be doin' it. He's fell down-stairs."

"And is that why I haven't seen him all the day? I've been wondering where the little fellow was! Did he hurt himself bad?"

Mickey shook his head. "Aw, he's too fat to hurt himself fallin'! Sure, nobody gets hurt bad fallin' down-stairs."

Jim was half-satisfied, and went back into the little shop, and lit the lamp. He whistled cheerily as he spread a big slice of bread for himself, and made a sandwich of it, with a piece of cheese between. He had given up tea for supper several days before; work was slack, and tea was a high-priced luxury. Jim always whistled cheeriest when he had to drown some feeling of lack or disappointment. He was still whistling when he sat down on his bench to finish putting a great patch on a shoe far too small to be in proportion to the patch, and was hammering busily, when the door opened and let in a gust of wind, and the Saint, whose hair, uncovered, was blowing about her head. Jim moved along on the bench, and made room for her near the stove; she sat down with a weary air quite unlike the valiant

Cecilia, and leaned her head on her hand. The old shawl she had wrapped around her shoulders fell back, and her calico waist, buttoned awry, stood open at the throat. Jim noticed how thin it was, and that he could almost count its rapid pulsings in the faint light. She cleared her throat once or twice to speak, and then said huskily, "Puddin's sick."

"Sick, is he?" Jim tried to make his voice show little concern. "Sure that's nothing, he'll be all right in a day or two."

"He fell down-stairs, last night, when we came home from here, in the dark. He ain't hardly stopped cryin' since." Her voice sounded as if *she* had hard work to keep from crying too.

Jim put forth a kindly hand of sympathy. "Now, *I* wouldn't mind! Don't all children go tumbling down-stairs often! Does he say where it hurts him?"

"'Twas his head achin' him all the night, and now all the day it's his back. He won't let me lay the weight of my finger on him for the pain. My mother says that rubbing would help it—but he won't let me touch him."

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"You might rub it with liniment," suggested Jim, slowly, as if he were pondering over the proscription.

"Would that be good?" she asked eagerly. Then she turned her back on him, and buried her head in her arms, and with something like a sob, she said bitterly, "What if it *is* good! We ain't got no liniment—and we ain't got no money, neither!"

"And if you ain't got no liniment—I know where there's liniment to be got! You watch the shop till I come back!" Clapping on his head the straw hat that hung back of the door, and turning up the collar of his coat, he went out into the Court. There was a drug store a few blocks away, a very small one, to be sure! but if its space was small, and its furnishings not quite so fine as those of some stores farther away, its prices, too, were none in accordance with surroundings. Ten cents worth of liniment does not fill a very large phial, but the clerk threw in a pleasant "good-night," and the wish that the liniment would do its work. Jim explained what it was for, and the clerk's face grew grave at once. "A fall that hurts the back is a nasty one! Ought to call in a doctor!"

Jim looked the young man full in the face, and smiled bitterly. "Your liniment costs ten cents, and ten cents is a good deal to some folks. Doctors cost many ten-cent pieces."

He was a kindly young fellow—that clerk! And he knew a good deal of the life that lay about him there near the Court. So he said, "I tell you what—if the liniment don't help, come in and tell me, and I'll see that a doctor goes down. He gets paid by the city for just such calls, and he's a friend of mine."

"Maybe I'll be glad to call on you," was Jim's good-night, and the clerk caught a grateful glance from the deep set eyes.

When he entered the little shop, the Saint sat as he had left her, with her arms crossed upon her knees, and her head resting upon them. She got up when he came in, and Jim saw what he had never seen before, great tear-drops rolling down her cheeks, and her eyes red and swollen. Her voice shook with sobs as she took the bottle he held out to her. "I hate to take it, Jim—I wouldn't if it wasn't for Puddin'. I can't say thanks, but I'll work to pay you off," and without listening to Jim's answer, she went out.

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She didn't even know, and Jim was very glad that she didn't, that the ten cents that had gone for liniment, was to have bought his breakfast the next day.

V

JIM'S VISIT TO THE SAINT'S HOME

ALL the next morning, Jim now and then looked out of the window to see if the Saint might be in the Court; he lingered over the shoe he was mending; it was the only piece of work he had to do, and very likely he would not receive any pay for that. It was rarely that Jim had plenty of work—the last few weeks had been the worst he had ever known; for the first time in a very long while, he had eaten no breakfast, and while he was not particularly hungry, the idea that he hadn't a cent lay heavy on his mind. He knew that if he walked up town a way there was a fashionable maker of boots who would probably give him work for the day; he was a good workman, and had no difficulty usually in finding work in a shop. But it irritated him to work under a master—it irritated him to feel the fashionable life of the city passing by; the life of the Court was the life that he could understand, the life of which he felt an integral part.

Towards noon, however, he folded up his apron, and washed his hands and face in the old tin basin that stood on the shelf. Mickey, coming in at that moment, surveyed the interesting operation curiously, and asked, "You goin' out, Jim?"

"I was thinking I would, Mickey." Jim was brushing the dust from his clothes with a piece of old calico as he spoke. "Work is that slack, there's little to keep me at home."

"And where be ye going?" It was quite the correct thing in Court etiquette to interrogate one who was going to the unusual trouble of washing his face before going out. That usually betokened a funeral, or a church going, at least.

"It's thinking I am," observed Jim grandly, "of going up town to get my dinner to-day."

Mickey surveyed him in unbounded astonishment. "What would ye be goin' away off for your dinner fer? You ought to be lookin' at Rickey Madigan's window! It's got pies in it, and fried cakes, and balls that are brown all over a layin' on a scalloped plate, and a piece of meat that makes your eyes red to look at it!" Mickey paused out of breath.

"I wasn't thinkin' of Rickey Madigan to-day," Jim answered guiltily. "I was only foolin' about the dinner."

"You wouldn't be foolin' if you'd see Rickey's window this day!" Mickey had seen it! Didn't Jim know how often the boys wandered out of the Court simply to peer into the windows of that new restaurant, only a couple of blocks away! Just a very common, very little, very cheap restaurant it was; but its one window was clean, and in it were always displayed edibles, that to Mickey and his friends, represented the food of the elect. When the vigilant Rickey didn't send them away at once (which occurred when he was serving a chance patron), they would spend an ecstatic quarter-hour, deciding amongst them, *what* they would eat, *if* they ever went inside, and *if* they had money to buy something with. Very often Jim would talk it over with them in the shop, but to-day he was in no mood to discuss the marvels of Rickey Madigan's chef. Instead, he asked a question. "Have you seen the Saint to-day?"

"Naw." Mickey was loath to drop the entrancing topic of Rickey Madigan. "But I seen her mother going to work, and she wasn't drunk,

neither! Ain't seen Puddin' neither—ain't seen him since he fell down-stairs."

"I'm thinkin' I won't be going up town to-day," Jim answered irrelevantly. "I'll be takin' the shoes to Jimmie Flynn."

"I'll be takin' 'em fer ye, if ye like."—Visions of a penny rose before Mickey's gaze.

"Sure that's nice of ye now, but I'll be goin' myself!" Jim, feeling too restless to sit still, picked up the shoes, and went back into the Court, to the basement where the Flynnns lived. An appetizing odor of cookery met Jim's nostrils, and made him sniff hungrily; he omitted the formality of knocking, and, entering, found Mrs. Flynn, with skirts tucked up, dishing out to the half-dozen children, great platesful of cabbage.

"Good-day to you, Mrs. Flynn!" Jim made a courtly bow to the portly lady of the house. "I've brought ye Jimmie's shoes, and it's a dime I'll be askin' for them, seein' 'tis a hard winter for us all."

"A hard winter is it you're sayin'!" Mrs. Flynn sat wearily down, spoon in hand, on the rickety chair next the stove. "Sure the likes of you can get along, without chick nor child!

Look at me now, six mouths to feed, and nothin' to fill 'em! If it wasn't for the washin' I was lucky enough to get yesterday, it's hungry they'd be to-day! But it's a half-dollar I got, and the lady gave me a cabbage beside, so I've cooked up the lot with a bit of meat I bought, not knowing where to-morrow's food will come from."

"It's lucky ye are to have enough to-day," said Jim, cheerily, "and if the ten cents is a burden to you, never mind it till ye have it handy."

Mrs. Flynn looked up gratefully. "Sure it's the like of you to be sayin' that! If it wasn't for you, Jimmie would be goin' barefoot this day. If I can't be givin' you the dime, I could be givin' you, and glad at that, a bit of dinner. Would you be takin' it, Jim?"

Jim's well-trained face did not betray how very glad he was to take it, as he answered, "To be sitting down with the youngsters would be a treat! I'll be takin' your dinner, Mrs. Flynn, and you'll be forgetting then that you owe me the dime!"

If the little Flynn's noticed that Jim had the biggest plateful of all, then they never mentioned it; it was a day to be remembered in their

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lives ! They could barely wait to swallow the last spoonful of cabbage, before they rushed out to the pump, to announce grandly to their envious audience that Jim Belway had taken dinner with them that day. It was rarely that Jim went inside one of their homes—to have dined with them, at once raised the Flynns to a higher social stratum.

Jim followed the boys to the pump, and stood there for a few minutes thinking ; feeling something lacking to successful meditation, he decided that it was his pipe, and he therefore went over to the shop, and having smoked awhile, felt on better terms with the world. Then he went across the Court to No. 20, and climbed up the two narrow, dirty flights of stairs that led to the Sweeneys' apartments, and rapped gently at the door before he opened it.

The Saint was bending over a little bed that stood in the corner of the room, and her face lit up when she saw Jim ; she smiled at him rather wearily, and smoothed the tangled hair out of Puddin's eyes, as she said cheerily, " Look here, Puddin' ! It's Jim what's here. He's come up here to see you ! "

Puddin' tried to sit up at the name, but lay

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back again with a low moan. Jim heard it, and went over and sat on the edge of the bed, which threatened to give way under the strain. Even Puddin' smiled when Jim said severely: "And is it layin' in bed ye are this day, when I'm lookin' for some one to be doin' an errand for me? Get up now, this minute, and run over to Rickey Madigan's for a pie!"

He tried to answer back gaily, but couldn't. He only slipped his fat little hand into Jim's hard one, and cried; in the dim light, Jim could see the streaks down his cheeks where the tears had rolled, and noticed that their rosy red colour had gone. His keen eyes noticed too that the pillow on the bed was clean, and that the floor and the stove proved Cecilia's housewifely skill. Her eyes followed Jim's gaze, and she said, "I always try to keep the place clean, but Puddin's took my time these two days, so I couldn't be cleanin'."

"And what would you be cleanin' for?" answered Jim, promptly. "'Tis as clean now as a pie-plate when a boy gets through lickin' it. Puddin' himself will be after lickin' one when the liniment fixes him up."

"The liniment is used up," explained Cecilia,

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talking very fast to keep the tears back. "And it's no good at all that it did him."

"I'm thinking," said Jim slowly, "that I'll be after getting the doctor to step in to see you. He'll soon be fixing you all right, Puddin'."

"*Would* you be after sending a doctor?" quickly asked the Saint, her voice full of hope. "I've been thinking all day that it's a doctor ought to be here, but ——" and her voice began to shake a bit.

"There's a doctor who gets paid by the city, who has nothing to do but to tend to some of us that can't afford to pay him as well as the city can," said Jim, quietly, as he turned and left.

All the way down-stairs he could hear Puddin's low moans. The sound rang in his ears as he picked his way across the Court, and for once he had no word for the group at the pump.

The clerk at the drug store noticed him as he entered, and asked pleasantly if the liniment had done its work.

"It did not," answered Jim, "and I've come in to ask if you'd be askin' the doctor you spoke of to step in."

"Sure!" answered the clerk promptly. "I'll 'phone him now."

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"I'm much obliged to you, sir—do you think he could be comin' this day?"

The clerk didn't know, in fact he shook his head doubtfully; then seeing Jim's disappointment in his face, he good-naturedly telephoned to the doctor, who said that as a personal favour to his friend, the clerk, he'd surely come that very day.

It may have been a foolish thing to do—it certainly was unheard of! But Jim, when he went back to his shop, took his beloved flute from its box on the shelf, and tucked it under his coat, to hide it from the curious eyes of the boys. Then he went again across the Court, and climbed the stairs that led to the Sweeneys' abode. Outside the door, he could hear Cecilia singing in a low, soft voice, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Hark how the angels sing!" But like a minor chord, he could hear Puddin's moaning voice, and his restless movements.

His voice rang gaily as he entered. "I heard Cecilia a-singin', and thinks I, 'tis easier singin' to music any time, so I've brought my flute along."

Jim never played so well as he did that afternoon; Puddin's moans grew fewer, as he lay still

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to listen, and the Saint, with her tired head pillowed on the foot of the bed, fell fast asleep from sheer weariness. Jim's eyes were closed too, as if he could play better that way; perhaps, with his eyes closed, he could see pleasanter things than a small crowded room, a miserably cracked stove, a few rickety chairs and a window that seemed to bar, rather than let in, the few rays of light, that in the early twilight of a winter's day, managed to creep into the Court.

He was still playing when Mrs. Sweeney came in, perfectly sober, as Puddin's illness had had rather a sobering effect. She stood a moment on the threshold, amazed at the sight of Jim with his flute—then something about it all startled her, and she quickly stepped to the bedside, and bent over Puddin'.

"Don't wake him," said Jim. "Sure sleep will be a blessed rest for him."

"It will that!" assented Mrs. Sweeney. "I'm thinkin' 'tis well for her too," pointing to the Saint.

Jim sat up straight, and looked meditatively at his flute; but what he said was with a certain clear-cut tone, that was unusual for him. "'Tis well for her, I'm thinking! 'Tis herself that is

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bearing much that the good Lord never meant such little shoulders to carry. She is smart and she's good, but I'm thinking she's much troubled!"

Mrs. Sweeney turned around with a quick gesture, as if she meant to answer, but just then a knock came at the door, and Cecilia jumped up, dazed and startled. Jim's hearty "Come in" sent the door open, and the young doctor stepped into the room.

"I am Dr. Belden. Is it here that I am needed?" His voice was pleasant, and in the dim light, his face looked boyish and cheery.

"You're in the right place, doctor," said Jim, simply.

But Mrs. Sweeney could not understand. "It's needed ye are, but no one sent for ye."

"'Tis all right, Mrs. Sweeney," said Jim. "I sent for him, seein' the liniment didn't help him."

"'Tis well for you to be sendin', Jim." Mrs. Sweeney's voice seemed a bit unsteady. "Only ——"

"'Tis all right, Mrs. Sweeney." Jim's voice too seemed a little strained.

The doctor was evidently used to such situa-

tions, for without further ado, he threw off his coat, and sat down on the edge of the bed by Puddin', who having been awakened, had begun to moan again. He shrank from the doctor's touch, and called for Cecilia. With her arms around him, she told in a few minutes of Puddin's fall. His face grew grave as he listened, and his practiced fingers felt up and down his spine, despite the cries of pain from Puddin'—cries that made the Saint's face turn white.

"Don't be cryin', Puddin', don't! It's all right! He'll be makin' ye well in a few days. Won't you, doctor? Tell him now that he'll be at the pump on a Monday!"

"I wish I could, little girl!" The doctor's face was very grave, and his voice very soft and gentle. "He's had a nasty fall—and it will take a good while to fix him up."

"Is he hurt—hurt bad!" Cecilia's voice trembled painfully as she asked, and Mrs. Sweeney, who was trying to light the little lamp, let the match flicker, and go out, as she eagerly bent forward to hear the answer.

"He's hurt his spine," the doctor answered slowly. "And that is always serious. But we'll take him to the hospital, and we'll do our best!"

With a bound, Cecilia was on her feet, her face white and tense, her hair tumbled about her like a crimson halo, her hands clenched fiercely.

"You'll *take* him to the hospital! Take *him*, Puddin'! Don't you *dare* to say it! Don't you dare to *touch* him! I'll die first! I'll—I'll kill you if you try it!"

The doctor stepped back in utter astonishment at the shrill onslaught, and looked dumbly at the Saint, who stood there like an image of defiance. Puddin' was too frightened to cry, and his mother stood helplessly looking on, as if she had nothing to do with it all. Only Jim had an inkling of the truth, and he put his hand kindly on Cecilia's shoulder, and said calmly, "Is it forgettin' you are that you bear a saint's name, Cecilia? The doctor is offering his best, and ye are forgettin' that Puddin' needs him. But he shan't go to the hospital till ye say the word—I'll promise ye that." Then he gave a quick look at the doctor, who understood it rightly that Jim would manage it for him. So he left a simple sleeping draught, and promised to come again on the morrow, and left.

The Saint's outburst having died away, she sat,

weak and weary, on the edge of the bed. The little lamp threw a sickly yellow light over them, and made Puddin' look whiter and thinner; Cecilia noticed it, and looked up at Jim with a wistful appeal for help.

Mrs. Sweeney was mutely creasing her apron with her fingers, looking at the Saint helplessly, while Jim sat down next to her and said, "Celie, what is it ye're doing this day? The child a-layin' here suffering, and a fine, big, clean room awaiting him, with a nice nurse in a big apron, and a fine doctor, and you not carin' at all, but rather let him lay here a-cryin'!"

This from Jim! Celie bowed her head upon her arm, and bent into a little heap on the foot of the bed. "I won't let them take him to a hospital! I won't! They say they do be killin' people there! And Puddin's me own! And I won't!"

All the wealth of motherliness she had showed forth upon Puddin' was told in the sobs that shook her form.

"Was ye ever in one, Celie?" asked Jim gently.

She shook her head.

"I'll be takin' ye in the mornin' then, and your



"Don't you dare to touch him!"

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mother will be stayin' at home to be lookin' after Puddin'."

And quite as if that settled the matter, Jim said "Good-night," and went back to his little shop, which seemed full of a restful quiet.

VI

THE PAWNING OF JIM'S WEDDING RING

THERE was not even a gleam of dawn in the Court when Jim arose next morning; yet it was not deserted. Some of the men were starting forth with their lunch-pails, which told the story of busy ones that had risen even earlier to fill them. Jim lit his lamp so that he might see to make his toilet, which seemed an unusually elaborate one for a week-day morning. He bent over his basin of water, and splurged and splattered so in his energetic washing that a hissing noise from the stove told where the flying drops had landed; then he took from the shelf a wire comb, and parted his hair with a nicety that was suggestive of foppishness. From the same shelf, the receptacle of his household goods, he took a brush that gave sign of long usage, and brushed his shabby clothes thoughtfully.

When at last his toilet was completed, he took the little lamp from its bracket, and set it on the floor behind the curtain; there was just about

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room there for Jim himself, and he sat down on the cot that he might bend down to draw from beneath it a wooden box that not even the boys had ever seen. He held his head upon his hand, and looked long and earnestly upon the little polished box; perhaps he had not seen it for a long while, for he bent over to examine the little tracery of metal work on the hinges. He even traced with his fingers the intricate geometrical design carved upon its cover, and when he had drawn from his bosom the key attached to a string, he waited a moment before he fitted it into the lock. Then he threw his shoulders back with a shrug, and lifted the lid—but when he had done so, he bent over until his lips touched the bit of linen that lay on the top, and his hands trembled so that he could scarcely hold it. He reverently lifted the dainty handkerchief, and from beneath it he took a little golden circlet, which gleamed in the yellow glare of the lamp. As if fearful that he might give way, he slipped the ring within his shirt, hastily locked the box, and shoved it back under the bed.

He looked over at the picture where it hung upon the wall. Something seemed to come between it and his eyes, for he rubbed them rest-

lessly with his coat sleeve, and there was a certain huskiness in his voice, as he said slowly, "You was a good woman, Margaret! You were that! I'm thinkin' you was took because you was more fit to be an angel!"

He rose and placed the lamp back in its place, and put on his hat to go out. But when he was all ready, he went back to the picture. "I wouldn't be doin' it for myself, Margaret! You know I wouldn't! But the little lad is sufferin'—and you'd be doin' the same! It's well for our own little lad that he don't need it! I'll be doin' this for him like."

Jim picked his way out of the Court, stepping from stone to stone slowly. The street outside was noisier than the Court, for more people were going on to their day's labour. Usually he had a cheery word for his acquaintances, but this morning he pushed ahead, and paid little attention to the passers-by, lowering his eyes as if he were half ashamed of something. When he had gone several blocks, he turned down a side street and paused at a shop before which hung the symbol of its trade, three gilded balls. But in the windows the shades were pulled down,

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—Jim saw it and passed on as if he had not meant to stop.

He was saying to himself, "I might be knowing that the place wouldn't be open yet, and it barely six. I'll be walkin' a bit."

But walking about in the early morning, when the streets are wet and cold, and when one is painfully hungry is not easy; restlessly, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, Jim walked up one street and down another, wondering if the little gold ring had really worn itself through his shirt into his heart, or if it only felt so.

It was half-past seven when he came back to the little shop, and a few lights burning showed that some one was within. Jim's hand trembled as he turned the knob, and a curious something crept up into his throat and almost strangled him, when the salesman came forward to meet him.

He didn't try to find his voice, he only drew forth the ring and laid it upon the glass case; when the man picked it up and took it to the light, Jim clenched his hands until his nails dug into the palms, and then hastily rubbed his coat sleeve across his eyes.

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Perhaps it was no unusual thing to the man, for he carelessly asked, "Wedding ring?"

When Jim's answer came in a husky "Yes," he turned around, and although he was used to seeing hearts laid bare, he spoke kindly when he saw that here was a man who was not used to dealing with his ilk.

"I'll do the best I can for you; it seems to be all right. How's two dollars?"

Jim's face fell still more. "It cost me ten when I bought it—she only wore it a year." It ended huskily.

"I know," the man answered, "but these goods don't hold their value."

Silently Jim held out his hand for the money, and the ticket which the man held towards him; he slowly opened his coat and put the ticket within his shirt where the ring had been, but his eyes were fastened upon the ring upon which the man had slipped a tag and which he was slipping into a case.

When he had opened the door to go out he turned back again to say, "I'll be comin' in for it soon."

It was a short way back to the Court, but Jim made it long by walking about until he felt that

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his face wore the usual expression of calm. Then he went into Rickey Madigan's restaurant and sat down at the table.

Rickey came forward as he saw who his guest was. "I'm glad to see you, Mr. Belway! 'Tis the first time ye've honoured me."

Jim's explanation was entirely understood. "The money is scarce, and I can eat myself cheap. But I had business out this morning, and I came in here for a cup of coffee and to wish you good-luck."

Maybe it was because of his wish, but it was a very big cup of coffee and an unusually big roll that was set before Jim. And when he left, he carried with him some well-buttered rolls and a generous can of tea.

Somehow he felt better than he did; surely a heartache is easier to bear when one has had breakfast. He even smiled cheerily as he stepped into the drug store, and asked for the kindly clerk whom he had known before. And when he came, he told him simply the little story of the doctor's visit to Puddin', and the Saint's intense horror of hospitals; it was a little thing he had to ask, but it would be such a favour! Would the clerk telephone to the doctor and ask him if

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it mightn't be possible for Jim to take Cecilia through a hospital that morning?

The clerk listened very attentively while Jim was telling him of the Saint's devoted care to Puddin'; he even blinked away a little unnecessary moisture that would gather in his eyes. Then without a word, he stepped to the back room, and rang up a certain hospital, and asked for a certain doctor whom he knew to be on the staff, and insisting that he *must* talk to that particular man, the doctor came speedily to the 'phone, although he should have been resting at that early hour. All the clerk did then was to repeat Jim's little story, with a few words of explanation, and to picture quickly the people who dwelt in Flanery Court, a locality not at all familiar to the doctor by name, but the like of which he knew full well from many of the patients in the free wards of his hospital. And before the clerk had really stopped talking, the doctor had promised that when Jim appeared, he would be shown every consideration.

When Jim got back to the Court with his rolls and tea, the children were coming forth to school. They looked at him anxiously, and wondered why he was abroad so early. Only Mickey

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voiced the one thought of all as they surveyed Jim's unusually neat toilet, "Who is it that's dead, Jim?"

"You won't tell, if I tell you, Mickey?" Jim spoke in low tones, solemnly.

Mickey as solemnly answered, "Cross my neck and body, I won't!"

"Washington! George Washington, himself!" called back Jim as he went across the Court.

VII

DR. HANAUER MEETS THE SAINT

MRS. SWEENEY was sober this morning, sober enough to have a great heartache every time Puddin' moaned, and to wish the bottle on the shelf were full instead of empty so that she might stifle the heartache with its contents. Cecilia, who had only slept at short intervals all night, was up before her, and had a little fire blazing cheerily in the stove. She silently pointed to the box back of the stove where the fuel was kept—her mother looked, and saw that it was empty.

"I see," she said, slowly. "With the best of my workin', I can't be earnin' enough!" Then more slowly, "It's not a drop I've taken this last day!"

If Cecilia knew at heart that the reason for this was her mother's lack of money, she did not say it—she only nodded wearily, and said, "I'm glad!"

Then, as Puddin' turned restlessly in bed, she

swallowed a great sob and said, "We've got to have a fire,—or he'll be cold! It's not myself I'm carin' for! There's no more tea here, and it's only ten cents you've got left—it's not that will be lastin' till you get your pay, come Saturday!"

It was then there came a cheery knock at their door, and at the word, Jim came in. Maybe he saw that the wood-box was empty, and that there was no sign of breakfast—if he did, he never mentioned it, only said pleasantly, "I was thinkin' maybe Puddin' would be glad to see me, early, so he and myself could eat breakfast together. You'll be heating this tea on the stove, Saint Cecilia, and your mother will be puttin' these rolls in a chiny plate, for it's in style I'm used to eating."

Puddin' sat up at the happy tones, and forgot to cry for a moment. Not so Cecilia! She bent over the teapot as she poured in the tea, and tried not to let them see she was crying, but the great tears rolled silently down, as she realized that it was not only for Puddin' that Jim had thought. He had thought they needed charity and had brought food! Brought up in poverty, surrounded by its every phase, still she

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clenched her hands tightly, and bit her lips to keep back the sobs of hurt pride. She was hungry, although she was so tired she scarcely felt the hunger, but the odour of the hot tea and the fresh rolls came to her with a fresh realization that she *was* hungry, and would have eaten nothing if Jim had not brought it. And she felt her pride downed by a certain sense of gratitude to the man who would do such things and make naught of them, so she turned to Jim and said, "I'll be payin' ye back, Jim,—when I'll be earnin' something."

"Hear her now!" Jim had to laugh very quickly for fear he should cry instead. "It's myself will be eatin' the most of it!"

Even Puddin' managed to swallow some tea, and to eat a bit of roll, and when Celie had washed his face and tidied the bed, and brushed up the room, she felt as if the gloom was not so thick as it had been.

"You 'll be comin' now with me—we'll be going to see a hospital," said Jim, quietly.

The Saint turned a quick appealing glance at him, but Jim would not see it. "You'll be comin' with me, and your mother will be stayin' with Puddin'."

And feeling that Jim was some wonderful agent to work her good, she obeyed ; it did not take her long to get ready. A black knitted scarf for her head, the old thin plaid shawl across her shoulders, and her toilet was complete. With an unusual burst of tenderness, Mrs. Sweeney insisted upon Cecilia taking off her torn shoes and putting on her own, which, if they were several sizes too large, would not admit quite so much water.

To ride on the cars was one of the things that came like a rare bit of joy in the Saint's life ; in all her dreams of untold riches, she had never dared to even wish for greater bliss than to spend her life in one unceasing car-ride. Oh, the glory of it ! To sit still and be whirled along the streets which she was used to trudge, and to watch through the windows the stream of life on the pavements ! Usually she felt that every one there must envy her—her, Cecilia Angelina Sweeney, sitting like a queen, on a seat, with folded hands ! Once, a long time ago, she had gone with her class and the teacher to the park, and in the car, she had sat next to a lady who had on a real silk dress. She knew it was silk, for it rustled when the lady moved, and when

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she wasn't looking, Cecilia had actually touched it!

But this morning, somehow, she didn't feel the glory of it at all. She only felt how very tired she was, and that the nice hot tea and the rolls had made her rather sleepy. Before she had been riding five minutes, her head fell against Jim's shoulder, and he saw that she was fast asleep. One or two passengers smiled as they watched Jim pull the shawl tighter across her shoulders, and settle her red-crowned head more comfortably, as he slipped his arm about her.

An old man across the aisle bent forward sympathetically. "Your little girl looks tired out. Or is she sick? Toothache, maybe!"

And as it was so much easier to agree than to explain, Jim nodded.

He was a kindly old gentleman, for he stopped a moment as he rose to leave the car. "That's the trouble with children nowadays! Eat too much candy! Spoil their teeth!"

Jim looked down at the Saint's drawn face and the heavy circles under the eyes, and smiled rather bitterly. Too much candy hadn't caused that!

She woke up as the car stopped, near the

hospital, and clung to Jim's hand, as they walked up the path, with a new feeling of fear; and when they were shown into the little reception room, she stood up stiffly at his side, half afraid to sit on the other side of the room. Her big eyes took in every detail of the place, the tall clock ticking in the corner, the curious little paper-weight on the desk, the frontispieces of the magazines on the table. She bent down to whisper in Jim's ear, "Ain't it awful clean?"

Then the doctor entered. Cecilia liked him at once, liked his cheery "Good-morning," liked the way he smiled at her, even liked his name, as he said, "I am Dr. Hanauer, and I believe this is Mr. ———, let me see, I believe I've forgotten it!" How could he have forgotten it, when the drug-clerk had told him that he didn't know the name?

Jim stood up, awkwardly, but with a certain dignity that he never forgot. "My name is Belway, James Belway."

Cecilia had never heard his full name before, and admired its sound. She was proud of Jim for the way he said it.

"And I believe you wish to go through the hospital?" The tone was kindly, but Cecilia

fancied it rather implied a rebuke to Jim for coming. She lost her unusual shyness, and pushing her hair back with her old gesture, she said earnestly, "It wasn't for himself he was comin'—it was for me! Puddin' is sick—he fell down-stairs—the doctor says it's his back that's hurted, and he ought to be took to the hospital. I won't let him be took to a hospital—they say they kill people there. Jim said as how he'd show me one, and so he brought me here. But he wasn't going to bother you for himself—Jim's awful good, he wouldn't. Honest!"

The doctor looked down into the honest eyes and saw clear to their depths, and he put his hand very kindly on her shoulders, and said, "I will find it a pleasure to show you through. I am glad Mr. Belway came, and when I have shown you everything, maybe you will find a hospital pleasanter than you think."

If the nurses, with their snowy caps and aprons, flitting so noiselessly about, thought it strange that Dr. Hanauer was playing guide, they did not say it; if any one thought it a strange sight, to see a thinly-clad, pinched little girl and as poorly-clad a man taking up the valuable time of the doctor of whom they

all stood somewhat in awe, then neither Cecilia nor Jim ever guessed it. As they went from room to room, Cecilia's eyes grew wider and wider; she peered into every corner, she saw the spotless linens and the dainty trays, and even saw some patients who were smiling quite happily. She noticed too that Dr. Hanauer had a smile or word for each, and that the sick ones turned their heads to watch him as he went about.

Then they stepped into the elevator and were whisked to an upper floor; an elevator ride was a treat to Cecilia and she was sorry when it ended,—but when they stepped across the hall, and into a great, sunny room beyond, she forgot the elevator, and took in every bit of the scene before her. About forty children were there, some tiny cooing ones in the nurses' arms, some larger ones building block houses, some little fellows with ugly crutches and crooked backs, and two or three who were simply sitting in their push chairs and smiling at the rest. Through an open door, the Saint caught a glimpse of another room, with many little iron beds in it, and from there she could hear the sounds of childish voices.

Dr. Hanauer's gray eyes watched her face keenly—he had guessed that this would be the room where the girl's interest would be most intense; he saw the big eyes grow darker and darker, and saw how she held on to Jim's hand as if she did not want to let go of herself. She fastened her eyes on a little fellow about ten, who walked with a limp that showed hip disease, and whose back was bent painfully; she watched him bend over to pick up a ball, as if the movement hurt, but saw him smile cheerily as he threw it to another.

When the nurse who happened to be near him moved away, she calmly walked up to the child, and her clear voice rang through the room, as she asked, "Say, are you here long?"

"Me?" the boy was surprised at being spoken to, and dropped his eyes bashfully. "Oh, yes, weeks and weeks and weeks, a whole lot."

The Saint dropped her voice, and asked hurriedly, "Are they good to you?"

The boy laughed outright. "Well, you bet!"

Cecilia knew boys well, and she knew the lad spoke truthfully. She half turned away, then asked again, "Do you get enough to eat?"

The doctor smiled as he waited for the answer. One glance at the girl's face had told his practiced eyes that "enough to eat" was not usual with her, at least! "Enough to eat!" the boy echoed scornfully. "Get enough to eat, and eat, and eat, and eat! Say, guess what we got for breakfast this morning!"

The Saint guessed the finest breakfast she could remember. "Tea, and rolls, with butter on."

"Ah, say, go on!" Several of the youngsters laughed at the simplicity of the menu. "Say, we had an orange, and an egg, and toast, and codfish, and cocoa!"

"Don't you make fun of me!" The Saint's eyes began to flash.

"I ain't a-makin' fun, honest injun!" The boy was taken aback at the implied doubt. "Ask her!" pointing to a nurse.

But Cecilia turned to the doctor, and jerking her thumb in the direction of the boy, asked, "Did he have them things for breakfast?"

"My child," the doctor's voice was very gentle, "if he had that breakfast, it was simply about the kind the children have every morning!"

Cecilia paused a moment, to let the idea sink well into her brain, then the doctor saw her brave little lips tremble, and she turned to Jim to hide her face. With a choking sob, she said huskily, "Jim, Puddin' never had such a good breakfast as you brought us to-day, and maybe he won't soon again! And, look, *these* ain't no better, and see what *they* get!"

And with the wondering children looking on, and the sympathetic nurses, she broke down into a wild passion of sobbing; and in the midst of it, Jim smoothed back her red hair with his rough hand, and said softly, "Look you now! Puddin' could be havin' the same, would you be lettin' him!"

The sobs stopped, as she shook the tears from her eyes. She turned from Jim to the doctor, whose eyes too were not free from a bit of mist. She put her thin little hand on his coat sleeve timidly, and gazed excitedly into his bearded face.

"Would my brother be here? Up *here*? With all these things, and with,—with them things to eat?"

"My dear little girl!" Dr. Hanauer's voice was very tender. "If the little one comes to

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us, we will try our very best to make him well, and he shall share everything that these little ones have."

Still half-unbelieving, she hesitated, and said slowly, "We ain't got no money, we're poor, we're awful poor."

"Yes? And what of it? Then he needs the care most—and he shall have it."

Cecilia turned her back on the room, and stood at the door leading into the hall, while she blinked away her tears and choked down her sobs. She turned back to the doctor, started to talk, and couldn't, but finally blurted out, "I can't tell you—what I want to. Let's go home, Jim!"

And so they went down-stairs again. And before he would let them go, Dr. Hanauer showed them into a little room, and saying, "I know you are tired after going about, and you must take this before going out into the damp," he placed before them glasses of warm milk and dainty slices of bread. And to make them feel more truly his guests, he joined them in their lunch.

Then he watched them as they went down the long stone steps to the street, and thrusting his

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hands deep into his pockets, he whistled softly ; but, as peering through the window, he saw how the wind tossed about the thin little shawl, and saw how Jim held his collar more closely to his throat, the whistle stopped, and he turned wearily away.

“There’s so much of it ! Good God, why can’t we help them all ! And still we can help one at a time, I suppose ! If that red-haired child’s brother comes here, he’ll have all the house affords, or we’ll know why !”

VIII

A FRIENDLY DISCUSSION AT THE PUMP

TO have the ambulance stop at one's house, gave a certain interesting distinction to one who dwelt in the Court; even Cecilia, though her heart seemed full to overflowing, could not help but feel her importance when she came down to the pump the next morning. The whole population of the Court had watched the ambulance when it came in the afternoon before, had watched and commented upon the careful way in which Puddin' was carried down, and lifted in, and long after it had gone, had conversed at the pump, and from window to window, about Puddin's mishap. Mrs. Sweeney, of necessity forced to be sober, had gone to work unusually early, and to the few questioners had vouchsafed no information, except to say that Puddin' wasn't the first of her people to be in a hospital, as her mother's own sister had been in one for many weeks, and had had the enviable distinction of dying there. It was when the Saint appeared at the pump, that many of her

neighbours found that their water pails needed replenishing, and improved the occasion by asking the minute particulars of the case.

" 'Tis yourself as is lucky to be gettin' him into a hospital, so you are ! " Mrs. Flynn was pumping vigorously, good-naturedly filling pail after pail. " It's himself as will be having plenty to ate while we'll be half starving ! "

" Eatin' is it ? " The Saint's voice was a little husky. " The pain has kept him from eatin' this four days. "

" But sure it will be different there, " asserted Mrs. Flynn, soothingly. " It's a fine life he'll be havin' ! "

" It is that ! So it is ! " corroborated Mrs. Daley, who between holding her pail under the spout of the pump, and keeping the two young Daleys from the same place, had to speak in jerks. " He'll not be sleeping in his shoes to keep his feet warm ! 'Tis hopin' I am they'll keep him till the winter itself is broken ! "

" Till the winter is broken ! " Cecilia stood aghast. " 'Tain't winter yet barely, and the doctor says he'll be doin' his best ! My heart will break if he ain't home by Christmas time. "

They watched her as she went across into

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Jim's shop, and Mrs. Flynn gently said, "Sure, 'tis a mother's heart the child has, God bless her! I'm thinking she feels it more than her mother, if she *is* sober the morning!"

"'Tis yourself as is talkin', Mrs. Flynn!" Mrs. Daley, having rescued the youngest Daley from an imminent flood, prepared to go home. "I can't see how a mother can be so! When my Mickey got his foot hurt, a year come spring, 'twas *I* felt the worst pain!"

"Is it of Mickey's foot you're talkin'! Think of me when my Andy got his arm broke!"

Mrs. Flynn left go the pump handle and picked up her pail.

"Your Andy!" Mrs. Daley's tones were slightly scornful. "What's an arm to a foot! Your Andy could be walkin' round the while?"

"And if he could!" Mrs. Flynn's motherly pride was awakened. "Sure the pain was more than if both his feet were hurt like Mickey's!"

"Will you hear her, now?" Mrs. Daley appealed to her growing audience with an angry gesture. "Sure she don't know what she's speakin'!"

"Don't I now!" Mrs. Flynn's pail was set down with a thump that shook out half its con-

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tents, and drenched the feet of the little Daleys, who, anxious as they had been to get into the water, felt called upon now to howl loudly. "If I didn't know more than some of the people here, I'd be goin' to school with the babies! Sure, and *my* children are always in school when they ought to be, and so it's no wonder they do be learnin'," and with that parting shot, Mrs. Flynn picked up her pail again, and walked off.

It being well known in the Court that the truant officer had made frequent calls on the Daleys because of Mickey's lapses from the path of learning, this remark had a telling effect upon his mother, who shook her fist in the direction of the receding figure, and remarked angrily that Mickey was worth half a dozen of such ordinary youngsters as those of Mrs. Flynn.

The little audience having enjoyed this little scene with all the gusto that others give to the drama, slowly dissolved, and straightway forgot the visit of the ambulance in the newer, although not unusual excitement at the pump.

The little Daleys, left almost alone, decided that Jim's shop was the most enticing place about, trudged across to it, and being asked as to the cause of their tears, gave Jim a highly col-

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oured and minute explanation. Then they cuddled down on the floor next the bit of fire in the stove, and watched Jim's little hammer go up and down. Cecilia, sitting on the end of his bench, curled her feet up beneath her, that little Denny Daley might get nearer the stove.

"Ain't it awful nice and warm in here?" remarked Denny pleasantly to Cecilia.

"Yes," she answered briefly.

"Say, it ain't so warm in our house. Is it in yours?"

The Saint blazed forth in a sudden burst of heartsick impatience. "No, it ain't! It ain't never anything nice in our house!"

Jim put his hand kindly on her bent red head. "'Tis nice to be thinkin' of Puddin' in the nice warm room, and plenty to eat and drink, and a good doctor to be curing him. If I had a saint's name, I'd be thinkin' of that!"

"And I'm thinkin' that 'twas you as put him there! If I could be going to work now I'd pay you back!" Her voice seemed near the breaking point. "And if I was workin', Jim, and if ever I had a cent, don't I know it would be going the way of every cent we ever get? You know she'd be spending it! And what for?"

Jim knew that the bitterness of the words was all that kept the proud tears back; he knew too that the child was right, and yet his kindly heart was thinking out an answer that should keep the mother thought in her heart. "And tell me now, would a saint be talkin' so of her mother? Don't you never be forgettin' that when a body has trouble to bear, it's often then that the drink comes in handy to ease it."

"Jim," the Saint looked up at him anxiously, "did *you* ever have any trouble?"

Jim slowly got up, and opening the little stove door, bent down and poked the few coals about. "Go on now, Denny, and take your little brother home—it's sleepy he is!"

"I ain't sleepy, Jim," protested the child quickly. "I want to stay here."

"Don't be tellin' me!" Jim's voice sounded a bit irritable. "Can't I see you're most half asleep now!" Then seeing a tear gather, he hastily drew forth one of his few remaining pennies, and said, "There now! Go in and get the biggest apple that will buy."

He shut the door carefully after the children, and turned to Cecilia: "How old are you, Celie?"

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"I'm thirteen, fourteen come next August." She wondered at the question.

"Who is it you love the most of all the world?" Jim knew what the answer would be.

"Puddin'!" There wasn't a shade of hesitation in the Saint's tones now.

Jim sat down on the bench next to her, and said slowly, "Suppose you was ten years older, and Puddin' was all ye had in the world, and you thought ten times more of him than you do!"

"Oh, Jim, I couldn't!"

"Well, *supposin'* you could! And then all of a sudden, he was called away."

"Jim," the Saint's voice was very positive, "Puddin' wouldn't ever go away from me! 'Tis like he's callin' me this minute!" There was a quiver in her voice now.

"Cecilia!" She heard an unusual tremor in his tones, and looked at him curiously. "I never knew my mother and I never knew my father, and I was a grown man before I loved any one. Then there was some one I loved so much that it made up for never having loved any one before. And all of a sudden, she went away."

She looked at Jim's head bent down on his hand, and her voice rang angrily.

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"She went away! From *you*! And didn't she never come back?"

"Why, Celie, child!" Jim's words were very low and soft. "She went to heaven! God knows she's like to be happier there, and I wouldn't be askin' her back. But, it's a long time waiting, child, to see her."

The Saint was shocked to find that a sob had crept into Jim's voice—he, Jim! Jim, whose very tones were always full of cheer! It was her turn to comfort, so she laid her red little hand helplessly on his shoulder, and whispered huskily, while her heart throbbed with pity, "I'm awful sorry, Jim!" She knew no sweeter terms of compassion.

Jim sat still, with his hands clasped, and his head fallen forward on his chest. The Saint pondered deeply, and then asked, "Say, Jim, did *you* used to get drunk?"

Jim lifted his head slowly, and although his eyes were a bit misty, they looked clearly and proudly into Cecilia's own. "I never was drunk in all my life!"

"I *knew* you weren't," asserted the Saint. "*You* didn't get drunk because *you* had trouble. Neither does she!"

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"Cecilia, you mustn't be talkin' that way! Ye mustn't, I tell you! 'Tis bad for you that your mother ain't strong enough to turn her back on the drink—it is that! But don't you be forgettin' that it's worse for her! And don't you be forgettin' that she's your mother, and she took care of you when no one else could take care of you. 'Tis a bad thing for one to be talkin' wrong of his mother—but it's worse for you, for you've got a Saint's name!"

Cecilia looked up proudly. "I never told nobody but you, and I wouldn't let no one else say it. And if I *have* a Saint's name, then the Saint herself knows I only tell the truth."

"You do that, little Saint Cecilia, you do that! And, it's a good girl you are!"

Praise from Jim was praise indeed! Cecilia tried to keep from looking too proud, and in the effort, something crept up into her throat, and almost choked her; then something got into her eyes and made two great tears roll down her thin cheeks. No one had ever called her good before. She put out her rough, red little hand, and touched his shabby sleeve. "I try awful hard to be good, Jim! Honest, I do! I want to be just as good as you!"

"As me!" The strange something seemed to have crept into Jim's throat too! "I'm hopin' you'll be lots better than that! And you will, for you'll be a woman!"

"I don't want to be a woman! I want to be a man!" The Saint, having gathered from her surroundings the fact that a man's life meant the chance to go into the world and work, and the woman's the chance to work and fret and scold and save, felt no craving for a woman's career!

Jim's old cheery laugh rang out! And then he said simply, "Could you be takin' care of Puddin', if you turn out a man?"

Suddenly, in the light of this question, the enticing attraction of a man's career faded. At all hazards, she *must* take care of Puddin'! So she saved fate the deciding of her future when she said, "I won't be a man, Jim, I'll be a woman!"

The thought of being a woman and thus taking care of Puddin', kept her heart from being too heavy, all the rest of the day, while she tidied up the rooms. True, there were only two sticks of wood left to burn, and she shivered and drew the little shawl tightly across her shoulders; she was hungry and the half loaf of bread must be kept for supper. But Puddin' was warm and fed

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and taken care of, so she drowned the voices of hunger and cold by singing loudly, and the little cripple on the floor below hobbled to the door that he might hear the rich full tones of "Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Hark, how the angels sing!"

So she sang until she heard her mother come stumbling up the stairs, and held her breath, and felt thankful that Puddin' wasn't there to feel any of the probable blows; but her mother was too drunk to even strike, and paid no attention to Cecilia at all, only drank stupidly what was left in the bottle, and fell across the bed in the corner.

Then the Saint, clasping her hands until the nails dug into her calloused palms, sank down on her knees by the bed, and sobbed out a prayer. "Oh, God, I'll be a woman and take care of Puddin', but don't make me a woman like that!"

IX

THE COMING OF DEATH

THE next morning, Cecilia found it impossible to wake her mother, and get her to go to work; she only grunted out a half inarticulate moan that she was sick. The Saint knew what it meant, so she ate a bit of the remaining bread, and went down-stairs, and found in the courtyard the men and women going to work.

“Good-morning, Saint Celie!” Mrs. Flynn, going forth to a day’s washing had stopped to shout back at the little Flynn a parting instruction. “And is your mother gone to work?”

“Not yet,” answered Cecilia briefly.

“I seen her a-comin’ in last night,” commented Mrs. Flynn, considerably giving forth the fact that she knew the probable state of affairs.

“Did you now?” The Saint drew her lips tightly. “That shows you ain’t blind!” Then she turned her back and crossed to Jim’s, but met him on the threshold.

"Ye goin' out, Jim?" Cecilia saw that the usual gleam in the stove was missing, and that Jim had on his good coat.

"I'm going to work, Cecilia." Jim did not tell her that he had had no breakfast, because his last nickel had gone for bread the day before.

"I didn't know ye had a place to work, Jim!" Into Cecilia's tones crept some of her disappointment that the cheery little shop would be closed, that she couldn't run in and forget her heart-ache.

Jim had the pride of a good workman. "I can *always* be gettin' a place—where I am going on the Avenue I could always be workin'." He noted Cecilia's wistful look around the shop. "Do you be comin' in to-night when I'm home, I'll be havin' a fire goin' then, I'm thinking!"

Cecilia tried all morning not to think of evening, and the fire that Jim would have in the shop. It was so damp and cold! Too cold to linger around the pump, and up in her own room, her mother lay in a drunken stupor, and might any moment awake, and in anger at her own shortcoming, make Cecilia the scapegoat. So she sat down in the hallway, and folded her arms tightly, warming her fingers by the warmth of

her body. Mickey Daley, wandering aimlessly by, found her sitting there, and sat down beside her.

"Ain't you in school?" inquired Cecilia cordially.

Mickey ignored the obvious fact that the question was unnecessary, and answered, "Naw! What's the use?"

"Mickey Daley!" The Saint's tones were very earnest. "Ain't you ashamed to be talkin' so? It's a fine man ye'll be makin' if you don't know anything!"

Mickey brought forth his most imposing argument. "My dad he didn't go to school much of any, and ain't he a man?"

"Say, Mickey, when you're grown up, do you want to be livin' here in Flanery Court, and be starvin' and freezin' half of the time? Or would you rather be livin' in one of them houses way up, where they got lace curtains in the winders, where they eat ice cream when they get up in the morning, and go ridin' in a carriage, and wear kid gloves?" The Saint's imagination could picture no more alluring future.

"Bet your life!" responded Mickey promptly.

"Then you'd better be goin' to school, and learnin' all you can crowd in, then you'll be gettin' there!"

"Ah, go on!" said Mickey doubtfully.

"You *will*, Mickey; *Jim* said so!"

Mickey meditatively blew into his hands to warm them, and thought it over briefly. Then he announced decidedly, "I'm goin' to school, this afternoon."

"You do that!" responded Cecilia encouragingly.

She watched him as he went across the Court, oblivious to the fact that his toes were peeping out through his shoes, and that his unkempt hair was sticking through the crown of his straw hat. He even whistled gaily, and the Saint's face brightened as she listened; she pursed up her own lips and tried to join in the chorus of "Yankee Doodle" as she turned to go up-stairs. She half hoped that her mother was still asleep, and was relieved when she opened the door to see her still upon the bed as when she left. She picked up the broom, and swept away some imaginary crumbs about the stove, and wished that she had covered over the bit of bread that it might not tempt her. Something in the very

silence of the room impressed her, and listening, she missed the heavy breathing that usually marked her mother's drunken sleep. She stepped lightly to the bedside, and still heard nothing, and bending over, she saw her mother's eyes wide open and staring vacantly. Something in the face startled her.

"Ma, are you awake?" she whispered. Then she touched her shoulder.

"Ma, *answer* me! *Are* you awake? Are you *sick*? Tell me!"

Not even an eyelash quivered over the wide eyes of the sleeper.

The Saint stood fascinated, feeling herself stiffen out with dread, and she would have fallen had she not clutched at the footboard; then pulling herself together with an effort, she drew the coverlet up around her mother's shoulders and stepped softly to the door. There she hesitated a moment, and went back to the mantel, taking from it the empty bottle; with a half fearful glance at the bed, she lifted up the lid of the cold stove, and put the bottle in. Then she went down-stairs and across the Court to Daley's; she remembered that Mrs. Daley had spoken kindly to her, and instinctively she sought her out.

Mrs. Daley was bending over a tub of clothes but wiped her hands as Cecilia entered, and prepared for a chat—then noticed the tense look on the child's face, and asked, "What ails you, child?"

"My mother—I think she's sick. Will you come up?" Even to herself the Saint's voice sounded strained and frightened.

"How was she took?" Even while she asked the question, Mrs. Daley was letting down her tucked-up skirt.

"She wasn't took." Cecilia never took her startled eyes off of Mrs. Daley's face. "She ain't got up yet—I just found her."

Mrs. Daley shut her lips tightly, and started out, sending the listening Mickey after a neighbour. It seemed to her she would never reach the top of the stairs, and when she did, it took but a moment to reach the bedside. She gently passed her hand across Mrs. Sweeney's forehead, and then bent her head until it rested on the bosom of the sleeper; when she lifted her head, her eyes were clouded with a sudden mist of tears. Very tenderly she touched the uplifted lids and with a gentle pressure closed them over the staring eyes, and murmured softly, "You

poor thing! You wasn't ready! God forgive me for saying it, and take care of you!"

The Saint's thin pinched face seemed even whiter than usual, and her great eyes as deep as those of her mother's, as she put her hand on Mrs. Daley's arm, and asked in an awe-struck whisper, "Is she *dead*?"

For a moment there came no answer, then, with a great burst of tenderness as she thought of the little ones at home, Mrs. Daley put her arms, still moist with the suds, around the Saint, and held the rough red head to her bosom as she said, "Don't you be grievin', darlin'! God knows she's better off this day than she's been for many a year!"

Awed as much by the caress, perhaps, the first one she could remember, as by the presence of death, Cecilia shrank back into the corner by the window, sitting on the soap box that did service as a chair. Her great eyes watched every movement of Mrs. Daley's and the two or three neighbours who had been gathered by Mickey. She saw how gently they straightened the limbs of the sleeper, and how they brushed back the hair from her face; for once, she felt utterly powerless to put forth her hand and help. She felt her

cheeks flush hot, although she knew not why, when one of the neighbours brought in a fresh white nightgown and slipped it on the still form on the bed; then another came in with two candles, and, shoving the table around so that it stood at the foot of the bed, placed the bottles holding the candles upon it, and lit them. The Saint found herself admiring the soft clear candle-light, and the women who knew so surely what to do when death came; when she had watched by Puddin' she had stood terrified at the idea of his dying—but she had never thought what she would do if he had. Suddenly, like a great wave of gratitude came the thought that she was glad it wasn't *Puddin'* who was dead; this was bad—that would have been infinitely worse.

It was so cold! She softly rose, and on tip-toes reached for her little shawl and put it about her shoulders.

"Is your stove cold?" inquired Mrs. Daley, just as if she hadn't known it all the while.

"Yes," answered the Saint simply. "She was asleep so I didn't light the fire this morning."

"'Tis right ye were!" Mrs. O'Reilly, who lived on the floor below, tried hard not to see the empty box behind the stove. "I have below a

bit more wood than I can be usin' this day, and it clutters up the room, so I think I'll be bringin' it up here to burn," with which kind but illogical statement, she hurried out, and in a few moments was back with an armful of wood.

"I'll be lightin' it when you all are gone—it makes it so hot." The Saint thought of the bottle she had placed in the stove, and had risen, startled, as if to shield it from other eyes.

"Sure and I'll be lightin' it! Don't I be lightin' 'em all the time!" Mrs. O'Reilly had half lifted a lid, when Cecilia caught her arm.

"Oh, don't! Don't!" Half ashamed to seem ungrateful of Mrs. O'Reilly's kindness, afraid she had seen what lay below the lid, hungry and chilled, Cecilia gave way, and leaning over across the cold little stove, she sobbed and sobbed until it seemed as if her sobs must waken the silent sleeper in the room.

"Child," Mrs. O'Reilly's voice seemed far too tender to belong to the buxom, loud-toned Mrs. O'Reilly, "don't be grievin' so! Don't you know that heaven is a better place than here, where half of us are cold or hungry? God help her, she's neither now! Let me be lightin' the fire,

so a body can be comin' in comfortable like. Sure, I mean it for your own good."

The Saint lifted her head with a half appealing gesture—"You're all *awful* good to me—but don't you be lightin' the fire, I ain't cold, and she ——" pointing towards the bed, "ain't neither." And with a feeling of helplessness before the awful thing they called death, her sobs broke out afresh.

And so they placed the wood in the box and left the child in the cold, dark, cheerless room,—but not alone! Oh, the tenderness of those whom poverty of purse has made the richer in love and sympathy! Whose ears are keen to hear the first note of sorrow! Who find time in their days so filled with the anxious toil for bread to lend to the more needy a succouring hand! All the long day, one by one, they kept vigil with the child beside the silent but awesome presence. On the table stood the bits of food they had taken from their own little ones that this child should not bear with her burden of trouble the burden too of hunger. Now and then, warmed by the food, Cecilia's head slipped down upon the window-sill, and she would sleep for a few moments; then, as if awakened by the si-

lence, her big eyes would fasten again on the rigid figure outlined beneath the sheet on the bed.

It was long after dark when Jim came in; Mickey Daley had watched for him that he might have the supreme pleasure of being the first to bear the tidings, and Jim had come right up. The Saint's eyes lighted, as he came in, and she half rose to meet him, but fell back again with utter weariness.

She pointed to the bed and whispered, "Do you know, Jim?"

Jim put his hand upon the tumbled red hair and said softly, "I know. She's just sleepin' like, and she's done with the work and the pain and the cold, and is restin'. And I know you're a brave little woman, and you ain't grudgin' it to her." Then, feeling the chill of the room, more piercing than the chill outdoors, he instinctively drew his coat closer, and then paused, half-ashamed lest he had pained the child by noticing that there was no fire.

"I'll be sendin' some wood," he said simply, and turned to go.

But the Saint started up. "There's wood here, Jim,—I don't want no fire!"

"You don't want no fire!" Jim could scarcely believe his ears. "It's cold out, child! You'll be took yourself if you sit here long! You *must* have a fire!"

Cecilia cast an anxious look at Mrs. Flynn, sitting there, and started to talk, but couldn't, and pointed dumbly at the stove. Jim lifted the lid, to see if there were something broken, and the child made no movement of protest, only a shudder crept through her, and she bent her head on her arms. But she did not need to hide her face—Jim was so wise! So wonderfully far-seeing! He bent over, as if to peer into the depths of the little stove, and, with his back to the nodding neighbour, he slipped the ugly bottle beneath his coat, and, after poking about a bit, said brightly, "I've fixed it all right now, Mrs. Flynn. Will ye be lightin' the fire?"

X

THE SAINT MEETS BILLY DANIELS

CECILIA, with her nose flattened against the glass of the shop door, was watching for Jim to come home. By crowding into the corner, and pressing her face tightly against the glass, she could see the bit of sky overhead, and catch the cheery gleam of a few stars. She had always loved the stars, they seemed so calm and clear. But now they had an added charm; Jim had explained that stars were only little holes in the floor of heaven which allowed the light to shine through, and that if one watched closely, *perhaps* one might see passing the forms of those who are in heaven. The Saint had pondered deeply about it during the two days that had elapsed since her mother's funeral; now, fastening her eyes upon the gleam overhead, she wondered again whether any one who had habitually got drunk went to heaven. Somehow, since she had seen her mother lying so still and white, in the clean, pretty white gown that the neighbours had put on her, she felt that

her mother had been much better than she had realized before. Cecilia scarcely knew her as she lay there, and wondered if there mightn't be some mistake, and if this really *could* be her mother! But somehow there came a flash of recollection, of some time long ago, when her mother hadn't been so flushed and scowling, and when she really had looked as this silent calm figure looked. And the more she pondered it o'er, the clearer in her memory stood forth the newer picture, and the one of her mother as she had known her of late years faded; so Death, with infinite kindness, brought to the child what unkind Life had denied her,—the thought of a loving motherhood. Her eyes grew misty as she thought about it now, and still peering at the star, she murmured her thought aloud: "You know, God, she only got drunk because she had so much trouble! And she looked awful still and good, and please won't you put her there by the stars!"

She didn't even see Jim until he was fairly at the door, then her face lit up as she stepped back to let him in.

"Were you watchin' for me, Saint Cecilia?" he asked cheerily.

"I wasn't thinkin' of watchin' for you just then," explained Cecilia honestly. "I was watchin' the stars."

"Watchin' the stars, were you?" Jim hung up his coat and hat on their accustomed nail. "Well, they're the poor man's diamonds—and it's sparklin' they are this night!"

"Do you think all heaven is as bright as the bit we see through the stars, Jim?" she asked as she turned from the door.

"Sure! And brighter still! Why, child, heaven is a place the like of which we never even dreamed! They left those little holes in the floor so as we could just get a bit of a taste of what's waiting for us if we deserve it!"

"Jim," the Saint's voice was very solemn, and her eyes very earnest as she peered into his face, "do you think she's there? Or do you think maybe God wouldn't let her in because she—she used—to—kinder forget sometimes?"

Jim looked down into the thin, earnest face, and gently pushed her red hair back from her eyes. "Saint Cecilia, did you notice how happy she looked when she was laying there so still?"

The Saint nodded, while her eyes filled with tears.

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"Do you think, child, she'd be looking so if anything was troubling her, or if God has closed His door on her?"

Cecilia remembered how her mother was wont to look when aught troubled her, and so she looked up with a quick, satisfied glance. "Indeed she wouldn't, Jim."

"Then never you fret, Cecilia. Heaven is a big place, and He's mighty good who's Ruler there. He'll be taking care of your mother."

"But, Jim,"—there rang still a tone of doubt through her voice. "I watched since ever the stars came out—and there's three big ones I can see from here, and I looked and looked, and I couldn't see her, nor nobody."

"Why, Saint Cecilia, child!" Jim was half sorry that he had told her, with her utter belief in him, the bit of nonsense; but, quickly, he wove another bit to keep her trust in him. "The only ones who can see through the stars are the ones who are so good that God thinks they are fit to see."

"Then, I'm not good enough yet, Jim," she heaved a disappointed sigh, "'cause I could not see."

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"Well, don't you be feeling bad," cheerily commented Jim, "'cause I never did neither."

"You *didn't*?" No tones could be fuller of astonishment. "Then I don't believe any one did —— 'Cause there *ain't* no one better than you!"

But Jim only smiled as he sat down with Cecilia at the tiny table next to the stove; something seemed to blur his eyes as Cecilia lifted the hissing little tea-pot from the stove and poured his tea. It was years since any one had done that for him, at his own table, and he coughed furiously that he might hide his face in his great red handkerchief; then gulping down the great thing that seemed to choke him, he smiled at Cecilia and said, "It is good not to be eatin' alone, child."

"I might not be eatin' at all if I wasn't keepin' you company." The Saint said it very fast for fear she could not hold her tears back until it was all said.

"You are welcome to this and more, Saint Cecilia ——" Jim's voice was almost stern—"and I'm tellin' you again that it's kind to me to be keepin' the place while I am away. God knows I had need of some one—and a child

here will bring sunshine. Are you grudin' me that?"

"Oh, Jim!" It was all she could say. It was all she had said when her mother had been laid away, and in the evening, she had sat helpless and hopeless, with a few of the neighbours, in the little room that had been home. They had solved, with the great-heartedness of the poor, the problem of the near future at least. Mrs. Flynn had said that she might sleep in her home, for her Jimmy and Mamie and the baby had a bed to themselves, and, as she argued, where there was room for three there was sure to be room for four. And Jim had decided that during the day he had great need of some one to stay in the shop, and while he couldn't afford to pay any one much for doing it, he would be glad if Cecilia would take her meals with him as part payment. And when Cecilia had sobbed outright, crushed by a great sense of obligation, they had carefully explained that it was Puddin' they were thinking most for—that Jim's would be a fine place for him to stay when he came out of the hospital, and she could then go to work. And thinking of Puddin', she tried to stifle the awful feeling of dependence, and had

stepped into Jim's little domain, vowing within herself that she would pay them all back. She had started in by giving the shop such a cleaning as it had never before been treated to; Jim declared that since she cleaned the windows, daylight lasted a full hour longer in the shop.

And indeed, the debt was not all hers, for Jim's heart warmed as it had not in years; and unforgotten throbs came back to him as he watched her wash the two cups and saucers. When Cecilia put her little shawl around her shoulders to go to Mrs. Flynn's for the night, he opened a parcel he had brought home with him, and took out a woollen hood, old-fashioned and a bit faded, but soft and warm.

"I was thinkin' you'd be going to see Puddin' to-morrow, and seein' this in a window, I thought to myself you'd be feelin' snug if your ears were covered like."

"Ain't it lovely!" Cecilia pulled the soft gray hood down over her ears, and tied the narrow cotton ribbons under her chin. "Sure, Puddin' won't be knowin' me at all with this on, for I never did have anything so fine."

Jim stood in his doorway as she sped across

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the Court—then rubbed his eyes with his rough fingers as he locked up for the night. “I’ll have to be workin’ three weeks to be paying up for the funeral—and then the ring! But she’s worth it—and I’m thinkin’ it’s lucky I can be earnin’ my pay on the Avenue.”

When Cecilia went to the hospital next day it was with a conscious pride in her attire; she wore her mother’s shoes, as they were so much better than her own—her new hood was pulled down tightly and the ribbons tied precisely under her chin—her little shawl was pinned with a great black-headed pin, and she held in her hand a black-bordered handkerchief. Both pin and handkerchief had been given her by Mrs. O’Reilly, who explained that she ought to wear some black, and Cecilia, felt that, somehow, her mother would stand higher in the respect of the Court, since she wore mourning.

The car seemed to go very slowly to her, and when at last she ran up the stone steps of the hospital, she could hardly wait until the door was opened. Then, she walked in and was half way down the hall before the nurse who had opened the door could stop her.

When asked as to whom she wanted to see,

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Cecilia answered sharply, "My brother, of course! Who'd you think?"

"And who *is* your brother?" inquired the nurse politely, trying to keep her eyes from smiling at the curious little figure.

Cecilia had it upon the tip of her tongue to say, "None of your business," but feeling vaguely that it wasn't quite the place to use this bit of vernacular, she retorted sarcastically, "My brother is Puddin' Sweeney, and he fell down-stairs and hurted his back. The doctor he said he'd make him all right. He's up-stairs in that room where the sunshine comes in, and I'm going to see him."

The nurse motioned her into a little waiting room, as she answered, "I'll go and ask if you may see him now," but the Saint, with flashing eye and doubled fist planted herself squarely before her. "You'll *ask* if I kin see him! Him, Puddin'! I *kin* see him, and I won't ask neither! Don't you nor nobody else say I can't see him!"

The shrill tones echoed through the quiet room. Dr. Hanauer, writing in his office, heard, and came out into the hall. He put out his hand pleasantly to the child, and said, "Why, it's Cecilia! How do you do?"

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Cecilia paid no attention to the outstretched hand, but stepped close to him, and said scornfully, "She said she'd *ask* if I could see Puddin'! *Ask!*"

"Did she?" His keen eyes swept over the indignant form. "Nurse was very kind to do that for you, wasn't she?"

"Kind!" Cecilia didn't know whether he was making fun of her or not. "He's my brother, and I *kin* see him whenever I like!"

"He'll be very glad to see you, I'm sure." Dr. Hanauer led her into his office quietly. "Sit down and let me talk to you."

Then he explained to her very gently and clearly, that Puddin' was one of eighty-nine children in the hospital, and that if visitors were allowed at any time, the little ones, and Puddin' too, would become very excited, and it would take much longer to cure them. Clear-headed Cecilia understood it readily, and the anger that had burned so fiercely in her face died away as she listened.

"Why didn't *she* tell me that?" she queried.

"Did you give her the chance?" the doctor asked quietly.

Her face flushed for an instant, until her cheeks

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were almost the colour of her hair ; then she looked into his quiet, calm eyes, and answered with a little catch in her voice, " I guess I don't know much how to act to folks—I mean folks like you and her."

" Why, Cecilia ! " Then he saw the black-bordered handkerchief. " Are you in mourning, child ? "

She felt very grown-up as she answered, " Yes, for my mother ; she died a week ago."

" My poor child ! " He put his hand caressingly on her head. " What a brave little woman you will have to be ! " Then, hastily, " You won't tell the little brother that his mother died ! He will grieve, and it will hurt him."

Cecilia looked up half curiously, half scornfully. " Oh, Puddin' won't care—he'll be glad."

Dr. Hanauer looked at her wonderingly. " Be glad ! Glad his mother died ! My dear child, why should he be *glad* ? "

With a feeling that she had somehow been disloyal to her mother, yet anxious too, to save Puddin's good name, she slowly explained. " My mother had trouble, and sometimes she felt sick, and she'd drink a little, and then,—then, you see,—Puddin's so little, he didn't understand, and

he'd get in her way,—and, sometimes ——” She stopped helplessly, seeing in the doctor's face that he understood her too clearly—then finished up bravely with, “ She was awful good, though, honest ! And you'd never know her layin' there so quiet like ! She looked like she just fell asleep—only nicer ! ”

Dr. Hanauer heard the loyal little explanation, then blew his nose vigorously, and lengthily, before he said, “ And now I'll take you to Puddin'.”

If the Saint was glad to see Puddin', then Puddin' was quite as glad to see her ; in the luxuriousness of his new surroundings,—for beside his accustomed squalor, the light and cleanliness and daintiness were luxuries indeed—he had longed for the loving fondness of Cecilia's voice. He saw her when she entered the door, and almost with his glad cry of “ Celie ! ” her arms were around him, and she was kissing his pale little face.

He was not the same Puddin' that had been carried out of the Court a week ago. This Puddin' was paler and thinner, but his hair was smoothly brushed, his face had no tear streaks, and Cecilia noticed that even his finger nails were

clean. She wondered how they had ever managed to get them so clean—with all her care and vigorous use of a splinter of wood, Puddin's nails had always been a tribulation to her.

She sat down next the bed and stroked his hair lovingly. Dr. Hanauer saw how her whole face shone with almost maternal love as she looked at the child, and saw too her eyes fill suddenly with tears. She had felt, beneath the coverlet, a heavy strap. She did not understand, and looked up appealingly at him.

So he carelessly sat down on the edge of Puddin's bed, and while he drew funny pictures on a paper for Puddin' to laugh at, he explained in low tones to Cecilia that it was only by keeping Puddin's little form immovable that they could even hope to cure the spine that had been so injured; that those ugly straps and braces were what were going to help him on to health.

"Puddin', Puddin' darling," she bent over him and cuddled his head in her arms, "do they hurt?"

"Naw! Not now—anyway, not much!" Puddin' was intent upon seeing the doctor develop from a pumpkin a very funny little Brownie. "It's bully here."

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"Ye ain't never hungry, are you, Puddin'?" The Saint's voice sounded as if she were not half convinced.

"Hungry!" Puddin' laughed aloud. "Ye couldn't eat all yer can get, nohow!"

"Ain't yer lonesome, Puddin'? Don't you miss me nor ma?" Her voice almost quivered with dread lest he had not missed her at all.

Puddin' heard the tremor in the voice, and with the intuition of childhood guessed its cause. "I miss you awful, Celie! I was cryin' for you, sure I was, the first night! I'm glad ma ain't here!"

"Oh, don't, Puddin', don't!" Cecilia bent over him to hush him. "She's dead now and gone to heaven!"

"Is she?" Puddin' answered quite complacently. "I'm glad. She won't be hittin' me any more."

"Puddin'!" The tears were rolling down the Saint's cheeks, which had flushed red. "She looked grand when she was laid out! She looked good, Puddin'! You *know* she was good most times!"

"She wasn't good when she was drunk, anyway!" Puddin' had had time to think over

many things during the days he had lain strapped to the bed, and he had made up his mind fully upon a few things—and this was one. “She was most times drunk. Don’t you remember, Celie? You said lots of times that she was awful when she was drunk! You said it was awful to get drunk, didn’t you, Celie?”

“And she is quite right! It’s worse than awful! It’s beastly!” It was a strange voice that spoke, and Celie sprang to her feet quickly. Back of her stood a man who might be thirty, because his hair was so brown and his voice so young—but he might be fifty, because his eyes looked dim and his face had many wrinkles. He wore a long dressing-gown, and his hands were dug down into the pockets. Cecilia gave him one quick glance, and remembering that he might have heard Puddin’s remarks about her mother, disapproved of him at once. She turned to Dr. Hanauer, and pointing at the newcomer, said curtly, “Who’s that?”

“That is Mr. Daniels—William Evers Daniels, of Brooklyn. Mr. Daniels, this is Miss Cecilia Sweeney of New York.” The doctor’s eyes twinkled and Cecilia didn’t know if he were joking or not. Puddin’, with his eyes fastened on

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Mr. Daniels, said shortly, "I know him! I like him."

"I *don't*!" The Saint's answer was decided.

Dr. Hanauer laid his hand upon her shoulder, and with a certain tone that made her look up at him, said, "Puddin' says he knows him, and *likes* him! You *don't* know him, so why do you say you do not like him? That isn't fair, is it?"

"It isn't fair," she admitted it huskily, "but he heard what Puddin' said!"

"And if he did?" The doctor spoke in very low tones. "Perhaps he will sympathize with you, and understand better than any one else. See, he brought Puddin' these toys, and this book."

On the table by the bedside lay a book with such a gay cover that the Saint's eyes had spied it long before. "Is it *yours*, Puddin'?" she asked eagerly.

Puddin' nodded.

"Did *he* give it to you?"

"Yep." Puddin's voice sounded quite gay. "An' he read me awful funny stories out of it. One day when my back hurted awful, he read me a big long one about a feller what got shot in the heel!"

The Saint brushed her hair back with her quick familiar movement, and then stepped nearer Mr. Daniels, who was eying her quizzically. "I'm sorry I said I didn't like you. If you was good to Puddin', I'll like you, even if you *did* hear." Then she laid her hand appealingly on his arm. "Don't you believe all he said! Don't you believe she was awful bad because she got drunk. She was good lots of times, and Jim says it was a bad angel made her drink. Puddin's so little he don't understand. Jim says maybe she tried hard to keep back, and couldn't, and God'll think of her a-tryin'!"

"Why, my dear child!" Mr. Daniels gave a quick startled glance at the doctor, and then clenched his hands tightly. "My dear little girl! There's many another fighting the same battle and failing. Don't *you* worry about it—you're too young!"

And as if it hurt him to talk, he turned away, leaving the Saint to puzzle over what he meant.

XI

MR. DANIELS MAKES A PROMISE TO THE SAINT

THE next few weeks seemed like an unreal dream to Cecilia. To pass one's days in a warm room, not to feel hungry, to boil Jim's tea for him when he came in at night, and to listen to him talk for an hour after—if this were not joy supreme, what could be? And to go to the hospital and see Puddin' three times a week, and ride each time, *that* was joy inexpressible! It was hard to say whether Puddin' or the Saint enjoyed these visits the more, or Mr. Daniels, for often Cecilia met him there,—unless, as he explained, his head ached so he couldn't tell Puddin's voice from an Arctic blast—then he stayed in his room, and the nurse crept silently in and out. At other times, he sat by the children's bedsides, and told them marvellous stories, or drew wonderful pictures of impossible animals, and just as impossible men. Every one seemed to like him, from the pretty nurses to the very

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littlest girl in the big children's ward, the little girl whose back was in a great hard case, even worse than Puddin's. He sang for the children sometimes, the funniest kind of songs that Cecilia had ever heard. Once when the littlest girl was crying because her back hurt, he sat down on the edge of her cot, and sang a song that made even Puddin' laugh, and that always made the Saint laugh too.

"There was a little Nigger boy
Living on the Nile,
And he did have a stomach ache,
All, all the while !

"The doctor put a plaster on,
What else could he do ?
It cured the little Nigger boy
While he counted two.

"The Nigger boy he laughed so loud,
He woke a crocodile,
Who chased the boy and doctor too,
Ten miles up the Nile ! "

And whether it was the song or not, the Saint did not know, but the littlest girl's sobs grew fewer and fewer, and then, before *she* could "count two," she had fallen asleep. Then Mr. Daniels came back to talk to Puddin' and Cecilia. He looked at Puddin' very severely.



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"Were you laughing at my singing, sir?" Cecilia thought he was cross, but Puddin' knew better. "Yep—I liked it."

"Did *you*?" He looked laughingly down at Cecilia, who, knowing nothing at all of society's ways, said candidly, "No. But it was funny."

Mr. Daniels sat down slowly, and looked at her as if he were half-amused, and half-puzzled. "Thank you."

"What for?" Cecilia wondered what he meant.

"What for? For being honest." And he looked as if he meant it.

"Do you say thanks for being honest?" The Saint was rather puzzled now. "I'd be ashamed if I wasn't."

"Yes, I think you would—I think you would!" He noted the eyes that looked straight into his, the thin, firm mouth. "Don't ever grow out of that! It *is* a shame to lie! Well, why don't you like that song?"

"I don't know just"—and indeed she could not express her feeling—"I like the other kind of songs—big, big ones!"

"Big ones?" Mr. Daniels was smiling at the

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characterization, and trying to make it fit some song he knew.

"I mean—I mean—I mean the kind they sing in church." There, she knew now the kind she liked.

"I see." He surveyed her slowly. "But—children don't usually like that kind."

"Celie kin sing," remarked Puddin' irrelevantly. "She kin sing fine!"

"Good!" Mr. Daniels dug his hands down into the pockets of his dressing gown, and made the Saint a low bow. "Go ahead."

"I only know one song, and I only know a bit of that," explained Cecilia. "Sometimes I used to sing it over and over again to Puddin', 'cause he used to like it."

"Sing it now, Celie," commanded Puddin', and Celie, obeying, sang. The nurses stepping about the room, stopped suddenly to look at her; the littlest girl awoke at the first note, but didn't even whimper as the full rich tones swept through the room; Mr. Daniels sat bolt upright on the edge of the bed, and simply stared at her. Could it be? Was it from that wan slip of a girl that that beautiful voice was coming? Oblivious to all, the Saint's eyes were lovingly fixed on Pud-

din', and her tireless hands straightened the coverlets as she sang.

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Hark how the angels sing!"

As the last tone died away, Puddin' remarked casually to Mr. Daniels, "Can't she sing bully?"

Mr. Daniels didn't answer, he was too deep in thought. Then he said gently, "And who taught you to sing that song, child?"

"Oh, nobody did," she explained. "A lady sang it once when I went to school, and I remember that much. When I'm big I'm going to sing it all."

"Yes, my dear, I believe you will." He took her rough little hands in his. "When you are big, I hope you will sing that beautiful song and many others. And if your voice stays true, and you take good care of it, then when you are a woman, you will find it a great gift indeed."

"When I'm a *woman*!" The Saint only half understood him.—"It's so long to wait! Once, last summer, I counted the seven stars seven nights, and every time I counted I wished I'd grow faster, and I never did a bit."

"Is that so?" enquired Mr. Daniels, gravely.

"I'm surprised. I always heard that wish came true."

"I did it once before, too, and it didn't come true." She lowered her voice confidentially. "I wished my mother wouldn't ever drink any more."

"I'm afraid it takes more than counting stars to stop a person's devilish drinking!" His voice was sharp and savage, and Cecilia looked at him curiously. "The stars themselves couldn't count the drunken devils they see!" and with a frown, he stalked off.

Then it was that a nurse spoke very kindly and gently to Cecilia. She had overheard Mr. Daniels' remark, and she looked after him pityingly. "If I were you, I wouldn't speak of drinking to him, dear."

"Why wouldn't you?" The Saint's keen mind had half a suspicion of what she would hear, and yet she felt horrified when she heard.

"Listen, dear, and then you mustn't chatter. Mr. Daniels is a very nice man indeed, a college friend of Dr. Hanauer's, and has everything in the world to make him happy. But even *he* isn't always strong enough to control himself, and then he forgets and drinks until he is sick and

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ashamed. That is when he comes here to Dr. Hanauer, who helps him to get strong, and tries to keep him from touching the miserable stuff. And Mr. Daniels is very kind to every one about, and is always very good to our patients, for he is a rich man, and has no one to care for. So we are all very fond of him, and we never make him feel badly by speaking of such things."

Cecilia sat very still, her face drawn and grave. Could it be! Was it possible that Mr. Daniels, who seemed to be of another world than that of Flanery Court—the Mr. Daniels who gave Puddin' the flowers and the book and the pictures,—who seemed at home in this wonderful place and talked so familiarly with Dr. Hanauer—*he* get drunk, like her mother! She wondered if he ever staggered as *she* used to—if he got so ugly and quarrelsome—if he had a bottle like the awful one she remembered that always seemed to have a devil in it. What would Jim say when she told him? Would he say that Mr. Daniels was fighting a big fight, as he told her of her mother, and that she ought to be very sorry?

As she thought it all over, a great pity came over her for this man who seemed so capable.

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She turned to the nurse. "Is that why he is here now?" she asked.

The nurse nodded. "Sometimes he stays a week, sometimes a month, sometimes longer. We are always glad when he isn't here, for we know then he is fighting it back!"

And so the nurse knew too, like Jim, that it was a fight! The awfulness of it, the dread of fighting such a dreadful thing as that bottle, was pictured in her face. The nurse saw it, and said, "Don't think of it, dear. Why should *you* know of such things?"

The Saint smiled bitterly as she rose to go, and kissed Puddin' good-bye. Hadn't she known of such things ever since she had known anything at all! She was fiercely glad that the nurse didn't know it.

As she went down the hall, she saw that the door of Mr. Daniels' room stood ajar. With the freedom bred in the Court, she pushed it back, and entered. Mr. Daniels sat at the desk by the window, but his head was bent low on his arms, crossed on the book before him. He did not hear her as she came in, but felt the timid touch on his shoulder, and as he lifted his head she saw that his eyes were red and heavy. He tried

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to smile gaily, but she impulsively put her hand on his and said :

" I'm awful sorry, Mr. Daniels, honest I am that you've got to fight, too ! I know how hard it is, 'cause Jim's always telling me ! "

" My dear child ! What do you mean ? " He looked puzzled and hurt and—ashamed.

" I mean fightin' back the drink ! " He looked at her just a moment dully, then he leaned his head down again, and the Saint heard something that sounded like a sob.

" Do you care 'cause I know it ? " Cecilia bent over him as she might over Puddin'. " Do you think I'd *tell* ? Well, I won't ! I promise honest injun I won't ! " Then, as if his bent head implied unbelief in her promise, she whispered, " I never told on my mother either—and I'd use to lie to keep from tellin' ! "

He sat up straight and looked at her bitterly. " Thank you. But it isn't a secret ! You may tell Jim, whose acquaintance I haven't the honour of possessing, that it *is* a hard fight—and I'm a coward, and beaten ! "

" No, you're not ! " Her voice rang out and attracted Dr. Hanauer, passing through the hall. " You're not a coward if you stay and fight—

you're only a coward when you run away. And Jim says that if you stand up and try your best that God'll be sure to forget everything else. He says God don't think of my mother being drunk. He remembers her a-fightin'!"

"And Jim is right!" Dr. Hanauer's voice was strong and true. "It's no shame to fail after an honest effort and sooner or later, if you keep on fighting, you'll win the battle!"

"Keep on fighting, Mr. Daniels, *won't* you?" She pushed her hair back from her eyes, and looked at him earnestly. "I want you to win, 'cause I like you, and I know you're good!"

"There, now, Billy, that ought to brace you up!" The doctor tried to laugh, but failed miserably.

Mr. Daniels surveyed silently for a moment the tense little form, the earnest honest eyes, and the pinched pale cheeks. Then he took both her hands in his, and said solemnly, "I've been fighting hard, Saint Cecilia, and for a long while, and I was about ready to give it up. But if you've found any good in me, then I'll keep on fighting, so help me God!"

XII

THE SHADOW SETTLING OVER JIM

CECILIA never forgot to tell Jim any item of interest, and when the very few supper dishes had been cleared away, she sat down cozily by the little stove to tell him all the news of the Court. Even the boys, knowing as well as she the important events of the day, still liked to listen to her rendering of them. Mickey Daley, busily engaged in drawing a marvellous rabbit on the frost-touched panes of Jim's door, voiced the sentiment of his friends, when he announced one evening, "Sure, Jim, 'twas nice in here afore the Saint kem here, but it's even finer now."

"It is that," Jim responded promptly. "'Tis as much finer as my flute there is finer than your wooden whistle."

The boys looked up expectantly. Any reference to his flute meant usually, its coming down from the shelf. But if Jim meant to take it down, he said nothing, only knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"You're a goin' to play, ain't you, Jim?" queried Mickey.

"And what makes you think I am?" Jim's face expressed great surprise.

"'Cause we all want yer to." Mickey's reasoning might have been faulty, but it was effective. Jim reached for the flute, and remarked affably, "'Tis few things you'll be gettin' in this world just because ye want them! So you might as well have this so long as you can get it for the asking."

Cecilia, so close to the fire that her one cheek glowed red in the warmth, looked lovingly at Jim as he leaned back against the wall, his scant hair ruffled, his eyes fixed dreamily on the ceiling. She thought, as she looked, that his face looked thinner than usual, and his black eyes seemed set further back from his grayish black brows. She leaned forward anxiously, and asked, "You're feeling all right, ain't you, Jim?"

Jim took the flute from his mouth, and his glance, half loving, half grateful, met hers. "Did you ever know me to be sick, Cecilia?" She never had, and she laughed lightly as she leaned back in the stove's shadow.

As if to prove that he was indeed feeling quite

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well, Jim played the most rollicking airs he knew, while the boys applauded vigorously. Then he played one which they *all* seemed to know, for they listened attentively while he played, and then shouted their approval.

"That was bully, wasn't it?" remarked Mickey to Andy Flynn, who, seated contentedly upon the floor, was half asleep, with his head upon his knees, propped up under his chin. "What was it?" he asked sleepily.

"Ah, go on!" Mickey's tones were full of scorn. "Don't we sing it in school!"

"Sure," one of the other boys responded. "It's 'America.'"

"I say it ain't!" Mickey's tones were decided. "What do *you* know about it? It's 'My Country 'Tis of Thee.'"

"Well, I say it ain't!" The tones were just as decided, and a trifle warlike. "It says 'America' over the piece. If you could read, you'd know it."

Mickey sprang to his feet, prepared to settle the debate with his fists, but Jim simply leaned forward, and said quietly, "And did you forget that I was tellin' you if ye ever started fightin' in this shop, you'd stay out?" Mickey's fist

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dropped to his side, but he announced in tones of subdued emphasis that when the leader of the affirmative side appeared at the pump in the morning, he'd punch the name into him.

"Your name is Mickey, and your name is Daley." Jim's voice was that of a calm referee. "And if *you've* got two names, sure a song could have as many. So you're both right. But I'm telling you this, Mickey Daley, and do you be mindin' it! There's many a man right with his tongue that's wrong with his fists!" And then he tenderly played a few measures of the Saint's one song, hoping she would sing it, as she often did, since he had picked up the air—but she had fallen asleep, her red hair even redder than usual, in the glare of the fire. She woke when the boys went, and as she followed them out, she called back cheerily, "'Tis a surprise I have for breakfast for you, Jim!"

But next morning, when she had set the little table, and put on it her surprise, two buns bought with the nickel she had saved by walking to the hospital, she found Jim lacking in appetite, if not in enthusiasm.

"You are mighty good, Cecilia," he said as he drank a little of his tea.

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"But you ain't eatin' 'em," she answered in disappointed tones.

To please her, he tried to and failed. "My head aches this morning—I'll be eatin' 'em for supper," he said as he went away.

All day long, Cecilia tried to keep from looking at the dainties, with the little currants in the frosting, for fear she should be tempted to eat them. When Jim came home in the evening, they stood upon the table, but he sat down wearily, and put his head on his arms.

"What is it, Jim? What's the matter?" She bent over him anxiously.

"My head is achin'—and my chest is achin'—and my sides is achin'—in fact, I guess, I'm all one big ache." He tried to say it jestingly, but she saw that his face was drawn and his eyes strangely bright.

"Go lay down, Jim—and I'll cover you all up—and I'll put a cloth on your head," and while she spoke, she took the frayed towel from the hook, and poured over it a dipper of water. With a sigh of relief, Jim threw himself across the little bed, and Cecilia, stooping to lay the cooling towel on his head, felt how hot it was.

When the boys came in as usual, she whis-

pered to them that Jim had a headache, and was asleep, and they tiptoed out. All evening she watched by his bedside, dampening the cloth as it grew dry and warm. Jim, who had fallen asleep immediately, turned restlessly about, but did not waken. Ten o'clock, and eleven came, still he tossed about, and once in a while, seemed to moan in his sleep. Cecilia felt she could not leave him, so she quietly fixed the little fire and decided to spend the night. Her tireless hands straightened the thin little coverlet, and bathed his head, and her eyes grew wide and bright, as the night wore on, and Jim began to mutter in his sleep. He tugged restlessly at the buttons on his shirt—"The ticket is here! If I only had the money to take it back."

"What is it, Jim?" She bent over him tenderly, but he only turned about, and half-opened his eyes in a way that frightened her.

She never knew before how long the night was. She heard the church bell strike the hours, and was angrily annoyed that it seemed so long between the strokes. Once when she had heard it strike four, she knew the clock must have stopped because she did not hear it strike five; but long after she had decided it must be almost

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time for the people to go to work, it struck the five clear tones. She could scarcely trust her senses that it had only been an hour. At last, there came a few faint streaks of gray, and from the courtyard, she could hear the creaking of the pump handle, the sure sign that a meal was in process of preparation.

She was glad when Mickey stopped in on his way to school,—Mickey was the only boy in the Court whom she treated as an equal. "Mickey," she faltered, "Jim's sick—he's awful sick!"

"Is he?" There was more wonderment than actually sympathy in Mickey's tones. "Ain't he goin' to work?" That to Mickey, was the distinguishing point between merely being ill and being dangerously, interestingly sick.

"Going to work!" the Saint echoed wearily. "He's been burning all night, and rolling."

While Mickey went back to tell his mother, Celie tried to straighten the bed, and she washed Jim's face, as she had seen the nurse wash Puddin's. He seemed to brighten, and said something about getting up, but trying to rise, he fell back upon his pillow with a moan and slept again.

It seemed only a moment until Mrs. Daley

came in, and her feet beat a merry tattoo, as she stepped across the floor, owing to her economical habit of wearing out Mr. Daley's shoes, when they had outlived their usefulness to their original owner. She felt Jim's head with the air of one experienced, and bent over to listen to his breathing, and her cheery face clouded. "'Tis sick he is, Cecilia!"

"Is he awful sick, Mrs. Daley?" Cecilia's face was very white as she spoke.

"God bless you, child. I ain't no doctor!" She bent over Jim as she spoke, and her strong arms lifted him to the pillow. "But it's a doctor had ought be here!"

"He got a doctor for Puddin'!" Cecilia made a brave effort to keep the sob back, but failed.

"And if he did? Shame on you now to be cryin' over it! Do you go to the drug store and tell the man to send the doctor in." Mrs. Daley knew from experience the way to proceed.

"Will he come for the asking?" The Saint's voice was very eager.

"He will that! Go, now, Cecilia and I'll be waitin' till you come back." And without waiting a moment, Cecilia sped out, across the court-

yard, and down the street to the store. The clerk stepped forward as she entered, and, used as he was to the Court and its people, he noted the drawn face and the wide, frightened eyes. Her voice, shrill and high-pitched, yet was timid and pleading. "Will you be sending the doctor? Jim is awful sick, and Mrs. Daley she said you'd send him for the asking."

"Sure!" His voice was cheery and he laid his hand on her shoulder kindly. "And who's Jim?"

"Don't you know Jim? Jim Belway, he mends shoes in the Court. And he's awful good, and will you send him right away?" The Saint's heart was in her eyes, and the clerk, noting it, promised to send the doctor as soon as he came in, and even asked her how to spell "Belway," as he wrote it down, and she felt comforted when he stuck the paper on a rack. It took but a moment to speed back to the Court, and take up her place at Jim's bed. Mrs. Daley went back to her washing, and with a sinking fear at her heart; all the Court loved Jim, for scarcely one that he had not at some time befriended.

Jim slept off and on all morning, and even

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when awake, he didn't seem like Jim; he called her "Margaret," and kept on saying, "I'm keepin' the ticket, Margaret."

She bent over him, and smoothed back his hair tenderly. "Don't you be knowin' my name ain't Marg'ret, Jim? You know I'm Cecilia, Cecilia what's here all the time!" and quite unconsciously, "I'm the Saint,—don't you know, Jim?"

But Jim muttered on incoherently, and unweariedly; she straightened the coverlet, as he tossed it about, and gave him water, and bathed his forehead. It was noon when the doctor came in, and Mickey was with her, sitting consolately by the stove.

With practiced eye he took in Jim's flush, and dimmed eyes, and he felt his pulse, and bent over until his head rested on Jim's chest; all the time his face grew graver, and when he stood up, he simply asked, "Little girl, is this your father?"

"No, sir, he ain't nothin'!" Her voice shook so, she herself hardly recognized it.

"Who's here to take care of him, child?" The doctor's tone was kind, but he had many more charity calls to make, and his time was valuable.

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"Me. I'm all Jim's got." At the simple, plaintive words, the doctor scanned the tired, pinched face, and the hurried edge to his voice was gone, and he spoke very low and tenderly.

"Then, my dear little girl, you have a hard case for such a little nurse! If he weren't so sick, we'd take him to the hospital, but as it is, you and I will try to fight it out, and if he isn't better to-morrow, we'll try to send a mission nurse in."

"Has he got something bad?" Her voice didn't quiver now, but was strained in its intensity.

"Pneumonia." This was very clear to the doctor, but to Cecilia, who had never heard of it before, it was therefore all the more awful. She clinched her teeth, and drew a long breath. The words came slowly, but her heart pulsed through every one. "I know I'm only—a little—girl, but I'll take good care of Jim!"

"I'm *sure* you will!" The doctor's voice too wasn't quite steady. "This little boy will go to the drug store to get the medicine, I know, for I'll give him a penny."

Mickey sprang to his feet, and glared at the doctor. "No, I won't! I'll go fer nothin'!"

And before very long he was back, and between them, they gave Jim the medicine. All the long afternoon, they watched there, and no one could possibly have known Mickey, the pugilistic Mickey, had they seen how tenderly he did the Saint's bidding, how tirelessly he poked the little stove, how quietly he tiptoed about. It was almost evening, when Cecilia remembered that she had had nothing to eat all day, so she made tea, and they ate the two buns; and when she tried to tell Mickey that they had been Jim's surprise of the day before, her voice broke, and she cried. And Mickey, never having dreamed that tears were of any kin to Cecilia, was awed into horrified silence; but when Jim murmured for water, they sprang to their feet, and Cecilia forgot her tears, as she raised his head to drink.

In the evening, Mickey's mother came in, and she nodded approval at the three bottles of medicine that stood on the table, and the packet of powders. "He must be a fine doctor," she commented, "for no other would be givin' four kinds to one person to be taking."

When she had felt Jim's head and hands, she lightened the load on Cecilia's heart by saying

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that she knew Jim was much better than in the morning—she could *feel* it. Then she cheerfully related the little happenings of the day, and told innumerable tales of people who had had “Amonia,” and had had a variety of fates. And as Jim seemed quieter and needed less attention, the Saint’s weary lids began to grow heavy; the mother-heart within Mrs. Daley’s breast saw the tired droop, and she caressingly brushed back the red hair as she said, “God bless you, Saint Cecilia! ’Twas Him knew well when Jim took you in, that he’d have need of you. If it wasn’t fer the washing to-morrow, I’d be watchin’ this night!—but do you go to sleep here, and please God Jim will be better the mornin’!” And with that, she and Mickey went away.

As the night went on, Jim grew restless again, and Cecilia took up her tireless round of duties. She listened anxiously for the church bells, and as she counted each stroke, gave Jim the medicine. It seemed less lonely there with the bells to keep her company. And although it seemed she would drop with very weariness, she seemed to grow more alert with every stroke, and she heard Jim’s lightest murmur, and his

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every movement. And when morning dawned slowly, she felt that Jim was better than he had been ; he did not talk so much in his sleep, and lay more quietly.

Mickey came again early, and said his mother had said he wasn't to go to school, but to stay with Cecilia. The boys, seeing him go in, felt a pronounced envy that *he* should be the one to shoulder the responsibility of Jim's well-being. The doctor came again later in the morning, and said that Jim was indeed better, and that as Cecilia had done so well, he wouldn't send a nurse. And she and Mickey, sitting cuddled there beside the stove, felt a certain grateful kinship, that they had watched by Jim so well that he was getting better.

XIII

A WEARY TRUDGE IN THE RAIN

KIND-HEARTED Mrs. Daley had sent in at noon some generous slices of bread and molasses, and a taste of cheese, and, almost too weary to eat, Cecilia tried to force down the food she knew she needed. But once, on stepping to the bedside, she felt Jim's head so strange beneath her hand that she bent over him anxiously, and heard a laboured, short catch in his breathing. She called Mickey, but dull little Mickey saw nothing, heard nothing. Half-satisfied, she sat close to the bed, but did not even try to eat her lunch. Then Jim began to talk aloud, and to ask for "Margaret," and to feel in his bosom for something.

"What do you want, Jim?" The Saint put her arms around him lovingly. "Tell me, and I'll do anything."

But Jim paid no attention to her, and as he talked on, his voice grew hoarser and deeper, and afterwards, there seemed to be something in

his throat that would catch the words and hold them back.

"What do you think he means, Mickey?" She turned appealingly, and Mickey, anxious as he was to give her comfort, could only answer, "I wish I knew, Saint Celie."

But later in the afternoon, Jim stopped talking, and lay quietly; and yet, as she bent over him, he didn't seem to be fast asleep, and his face looked drawn, and a strange something in it reminded her very vaguely of her mother, as she lay in her last drunken stupor. Then Cecilia spoke sharply to Mickey. "Run, Mickey, and go to the drug store, and tell the man to send the doctor right away. Right away, Mickey," and with a clenching of the hands, "even if it costs!"

It seemed as if Mickey had hardly gone, when he came back. "The doctor'll come soon's he comes back to the store," was his message.

Cecilia's breath was coming short and fast, and she was clasping her hands nervously; Mickey hardly knew her as he watched her restlessly moving about. Then she sent him for his mother, who came at the bidding, her hair still done up in a red handkerchief, and her

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skirt thrown over her shoulders, as a wrap. Cecilia simply pointed to the bed.

Mrs. Daley bent over Jim, and for a few moments said nothing. Then she sent Mickey for the doctor.

"I just been, ma," Mickey's voice was low and strained, "and he's a-comin'!"

"If we had alcohol I'd bathe him," she said shortly. Cecilia looked at her a moment, then said quietly, "I'll be gettin' it."

"God bless you, child! Have you the nickel? I'd be giving it to you, but the last cent I had went for the bread this day, and my man won't be home this two hours." Mrs. Daley's voice and face were full of the sorrow she felt.

Cecilia didn't even sob. "I ain't got no money, but I'll be askin' the man, and I'll tell him I'll pay him by cleaning his floor. But I'll be gettin' the stuff."

Mrs. Daley rose suddenly, and slipped her hand into the pocket of Jim's trousers, and drew out some change. "I'm just thinkin' he'd be like to have some in his pocket, and 'tis for him ye'll use it, so 'tis all right! Here's twenty cents, and it'll leave you fifteen for eatin'. Do you run, now,"

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The clerk gave her a marvellous amount for a nickel, and recognizing her as the red-haired girl of the day before, gave her a licorice drop, and understood how grave her trouble must be when she left the candy on the counter.

Mrs. Daley was bathing Jim's head with the alcohol when the doctor came in. The shop was gloomy and dark in the early twilight, and Cecilia lit the little lamp, which threw its pale light over the bed, and made Jim's face look even more ghastly. She noted, as she lit it, that the globe was dirty, and it troubled her. She seemed to forget about everything else except that she should have cleaned the lamp that day. She dully watched the doctor as he sat on the edge of the bed, and held Jim's wrist. When he did talk, it seemed as if the tones came from far away. He turned to Mrs. Daley as he said, "He's had a sudden change for the worse. I'm afraid we can't do much now. You ought to have sent at noon."

The Saint bent forward and spoke in shrill, bitter tones. "'Twas two full hours ago Mickey went for you. Why didn't ye come? Why *can't* ye do much now? Ain't ye a *doctor*? Or don't ye know *nothin'*?"

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The doctor turned at the shrill onslaught, and his face softened as he recognized her. "I came as soon as I got the message in the store. Little girl, I *am* a doctor, but doctors can't do everything. We'll try."

So he left more medicines, and gave Mrs. Daley many and explicit directions. Cecilia felt a sudden wave of fury that he didn't tell *her* what to do! Why should he tell Mrs. Daley? Jim was *her* charge!

Mrs. Daley went back to her home to give the children their supper, and then returned. The Saint, huddled at the foot of the bed, sat motionless, her big eyes fastened on Jim, and her hair tumbled roughly about her head. She shrank back from the great slice of bread held out to her, and shook her head. Mrs. Daley stroked her hair back gently. "Go to sleep there by the stove, little Saint Celie! Else ye'll be sick yourself."

Then, as Cecilia made no reply, she motioned her into the shop, and whispered, "If it looks like Jim gets any worse, I'll be sendin' Mickey to the priest."

"Oh, oh, Mrs. Daley!" The mention of the priest set her heart beating so wildly that she

could scarcely speak. "Do you think that he—that Jim—Jim'll—*die*!"

Mrs. Daley drew the trembling little form into her arms. "'Tis God as does it. I'm praying he'll live long—if so be the priest won't hurt him! But if so be he's wanted, it's the priest as ought to be here."

Cecilia drew herself half-angrily from Mrs. Daley's embrace, and turning her back upon the shop, flattened her nose against the door. There was a cold drizzle falling, and the courtyard was black and still, save for the feeble glimmer that shone here and there from a window. She looked up at the patch of sky to be seen, hoping against hope that she might catch a glimmer of her familiar stars. Were they also too sad to shine?

When Cecilia turned from the window her face was set. "You'll be stayin' the evening?" she asked of Mrs. Daley.

"I will *that*!" Mrs. Daley was glad that she could give the child that bit of comfort.

"Then I'll be goin' out!" As she spoke, she reached for her gray hood, and her little shawl, that hung on the nail beside Jim's hat. "I'll

be goin' to the hospital, and I'll tell Dr. Hanauer about Jim, and if there's any can help Jim, it's him!"

"God bless you, child!" Mrs. Daley's eyes filled with tears. "'Tis a long way, and there's *no* doctor, sure no doctor like the big ones in the horsepittals that 'ud come down to the Court this night. Ye don't *know* them, and I *do*! It 'ud do you no good, Saint Celie! And ye couldn't walk it, anyway, and the horsepittal is shut."

But Cecilia simply repeated, "I'm going," and walked out the door, and Mickey, without one glance at his mother, and without one thought of doing aught but serving the Saint, followed her.

Outside the Court, the streets were brighter, and people were passing. Unnoticed, Cecilia and Mickey trudged on, block after block, scarcely one word being said. The drizzle turned to a steady rain, and the little light shawl, and the thin calico dress were quickly drenched. Her hair, escaping from the hood, hung in stringy, wet locks; her hands were so touched by the cold that she folded them up, beneath her arms,

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and went steadily forward, never minding the puddles she went through. Mickey, his hands dug down into his trousers' pockets, and his collar turned up, simply followed her.

Further on up town, the blocks grew longer, and the people fewer, and the lights from store windows farther apart. Instinctively, the two children drew closer together. The wind began to blow, and Mickey shivered, as he half whispered, "Ain't it awful cold, Saint Celie!"

But she answered irrelevantly, "Jim's awful sick, Mickey!"

Mickey was very tired and cold and wet, and his voice wasn't exactly pleasant as he replied, "Don't I know it!"

Then Cecilia suddenly put her cold little hand out and touched his shoulder. "Yer awful good to come with me, Mickey, but I know the way well, and do you go home, for it's good and warm in the shop." But Mickey, with something of the chivalry that animated the olden knights, thrust his hands still deeper into his pockets and answered in a tone that was meant to be cross, "What do ye think I *am*! I'm goin' with you, if it takes all night!"

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As they walked on, the hospital seemed to move further and further up town ; block after block stretched behind them, and still before them seemed an endless stretch. The cars whizzed past them, and Mickey said casually, " We could *ride* for a nickel ! "

He thought the Saint wasn't going to answer him, but in a moment, with a sob in her voice, she whispered, " Jim always gives me the money to ride when I go to see Puddin' ! "

Mickey's feet grew heavier as he walked. As they passed a great church on the Avenue, the bell in its tower began to strike, and he counted nine. Would they never come to the hospital? Once or twice a policeman looked at them sharply as they passed, and they thought he would stop them, but two cold, wet children were too commonly seen to be noticed much. Then Cecilia said, " The hospital's on the next corner," and, sure enough, there, with lights gleaming from many of the windows, was the great, gray building.

Mickey wondered how the Saint could run up the long, stone steps so lightly. He could barely follow her. She pulled the bell once,

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twice, thrice, while he could hear it sound loudly through the halls. Then the door opened, and Cecilia placed herself in the doorway.

"I want Dr. Hanauer." As she spoke, the water from her skirt dripped on the spotless floor.

"Dr. Hanauer! Why it's half-past nine, and you can't see the doctor. What do you want?" The man's voice was puzzled, and he looked half-curiously, half-pityingly, at the little couple.

The Saint pulled Mickey into the hall, and her voice rang out shrill and piercing. "I want Dr. Hanauer. *Tell* him I want him. Tell him I'm Cecilia, *Puddin's* Cecilia. *Tell* him, do you *hear?*" And Mickey doubled his fists, to enforce the Saint's demands.

But a door in the hall opened, and Dr. Hanauer and Mr. Daniels came out from the office.

"Cecilia, child, what does *this* mean! I *thought* I knew the voice," and the doctor bent his deep, gray eyes upon her.

Cecilia put out her hand unsteadily, and almost shrieked forth her words. "Jim is awful sick—he's got amonia—the doctor says he can't



"We could ride for a nickel."

do much. Jim's all I got. I knew *you* could make him well—Puddin' says you're awful good—please come down—Mrs. Daley said you wouldn't—but I'll pay you back—I kin clean good, and I'll work hard.—And don't let Jim die—an' I forgot to clean the chimley ——” and then Mr. Daniels sprang forward, and caught the swaying form in his arms, and Cecilia, in a dead faint, knew nothing of her trouble.

Mickey, too miserable to stir, looked on dully. He heard the doctor say to a nurse, “Exhaustion. Give her a hot bath, give her this, and put her in bed.” He heard Mr. Daniels telephone for a carriage, and in a kind of a dream, he answered that he *did* know the way to the Court, and *could* direct the driver. Then he drank a glass of wonderful warm milk, and got into a carriage with Mr. Daniels and the doctor, and wished that Jimmy Flynn could see him riding in a carriage that had two lights in front, and velvet seats within.

XIV

THE BATTLE WITH DEATH

TO Mickey, the ride to the Court was all too short; anxious as he certainly was about Jim, there was an exhilarating sense of luxury in riding in a carriage that could not be downed. He was sorry, when they drove to the entrance of the Court, that it was not daylight, so that he could parade his experience before the boys. Even as it was, he felt his importance as he piloted his two companions across the Court; and indeed a pilot was needed, for the rain had filled all the hollows between the stones, and an unwary step might land one into an impromptu bath. From Jim's shop shone the gleam of the little lamp, and it guided them, until, to Mrs. Daley's infinite relief, they entered the shop. She surveyed the group silently a moment, then turned to Mickey, who poured forth his information, in staccato tones. "Them's doctors, I brung 'em here; I mean a kerridge brung us, an' the kerridge had velvet seats, and

was that soft you could sink into 'em, and the Saint's sick in bed up to the hospital."

Dr. Hanauer had already taken off his hat and coat, and flung them on the bench, as he remarked courteously, "Cecilia fainted, so we put her to bed to rest." Then he stepped quickly to the bedside. Mrs. Daley was too awed to speak. To have a great doctor from a hospital in the shop was inspiring enough, but to have a fine gentleman like the other with a silk hat in his hand, and a diamond ring, and shiny shoes, sitting on the bench, and looking on,—*that* was sufficient to silence her usually voluble tongue. But she recovered her voice when the doctor asked her questions, and, flushed with importance, she answered first in monosyllables, then favoured him with a minute description of the case, of Jim's personality, and of his relation to the Court in general.

She even expressed in her very best words her admiration of the way he handled his patient, and confidentially expressed the opinion that he was a much finer doctor than the one provided by the city, although the first one *had* given several kinds of medicine, probably on the prin-

ciple that if *one* didn't cure Jim, one of the *others would*. And Dr. Hanauer answered not at all, except to ask a question about the patient.

He asked for hot water, and Mrs. Daley emptied the little kettle, sizzling on the stove, into a dipper. She watched him as he made bandages of a towel he had taken from a hook, and dipped them into the hot water. Then he asked her to refill the dipper. But the kettle was empty, and Mrs. Daley, peering into the stove, saw that the little fire was dying out. And worse than all, she saw that the box behind the stove was empty. She turned resolutely to Mickey, who, having fallen fast asleep in the corner, had to be shaken into wakefulness. "Do you be running to the corner, and tell Mis' Grogan you want a dime's worth of wood, and I'll be sending the dime in the morning."

Mr. Daniels rose leisurely to his feet, and said he'd go with Mickey. Seated on the bench, he had taken in every poor detail of the shop; he had noted the quilt, doing duty as portière, the tiny supply of crockery on the shelf, the one chair, the one little lamp. He had noticed, too, idly, the finger marks on the chimney, and had

remembered Cecilia's incoherent remarks about neglecting to clean it, and it had made his eyes misty; then he remembered, too, all the little things Cecilia had said about her life here with Jim, and being used to every luxury, he felt the force of the grinding poverty about him. He had never come so close to it before, and something about it stung him. He watched Dr. Hanauer as he bent over the bed, and envied him the part he was playing,—then, catching the doctor's eye, he asked in a whisper, "Say, is there anything you need?"

The doctor straightened up, and said simply, "Billy, you aren't *used* to this, I know! Look around you,—is there anything that *isn't* needed here?"

Billy threw one glance around the room, and nodded. "What'll I get?"

The doctor understood, and answered, "You're a trump! No time for talk here. Get a couple of hot water bottles, and an ice bag, and a supply of ice, and some liquor, and fill these prescriptions," and in a few moments, Mickey was guiding Mr. Daniels out of the Court to the drug store. Mr. Daniels' silk hat was spattered by

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the rain, and he turned his coat collar up about his ears; as they got into the glare of the drug-store's lights, he noticed Mickey's thin little coat, and his torn shoes, and saw that the collar of his shirt, which stood above the coat, was limp and wet. Then he surprised Mickey by clasping his hand tightly in his, and muttering under his breath something that sounded like an oath.

The night clerk was on duty at the drug store, and Mickey remembered him well, as one upon whom in summer the boys of the Court waged constant warfare, by banging back and forth the screen doors, and yelling in at him. What the clerk was thinking was shown in his glance, "What's a swell doing here at eleven o'clock with a little ragamuffin from the Court!"

Mickey admired immensely the way in which the clerk waited upon Mr. Daniels, and the positive, cool tones in which that gentleman made known his desires. While they were waiting for the medicine, Mr. Daniels picked up a box of candy that stood upon the counter, and handed it to Mickey, who simply gasped, and tried to smile at the joke, but made no effort to take it.

"Well, don't you want it?"

Mickey started. "Bet your life I want it," came his quick response.

"Well, why don't you take it?"

Mickey's cold, grimy hand shot out, and in a twinkling the box was underneath his shirt. "Say," he whispered, "are you sure you've got money enough? I bet you that costs a dime!"

Mr. Daniels looked down at Mickey thoughtfully, then looked off and whistled. Then he turned to Mickey again, and said, "If you had a dollar, what would you do right now?"

The answer was quick and emphatic. "I'd get something to eat, in a jiffy, you bet!"

Then Mr. Daniels whistled again, and said nothing. By the time the medicines were ready, the bundles proved quite as much as both of them could manage, and the clerk was so interested that he stood in the doorway, and peered after them down the street. He watched them disappear into Mrs. Grogan's grocery,—Mrs. Grogan rarely having a customer, felt called upon to be on duty early and late, lest a possible one should escape,—and in a few moments he saw them reappear, bearing between them, as well as their packages would allow, a basket.

When they got back to the shop the fire was once more blazing brightly, and the little kettle was steaming merrily. Mr. Daniels let down the basket of coal with a thump, and Mrs. Daley lost no time in filling the stove.

"Where's the box?" queried Mickey, as he started to empty the basket.

"Mickey," his mother's tones were deep and awesome, "the doctor he broke it and chuck it in the stove to burn."

Mr. Daniels heard it, and remarked affably, "Good for you, Doc, I'll buy another."

On the bed, Jim, surrounded by poultices and hot water bottles, groaned as he turned about. But the rattling in his throat seemed less, and the doctor, bending over him, spoke a bit hopefully. Mickey thought the doctor had lost a great deal of his attractiveness, for he had thrown off his coat, and rolled up his sleeves, and great beads of perspiration rolled down his face, as he wrung towels out of hot water. He went up to Mr. Daniels and spoke in low tones. "Billy, I want cloth for poultices. See if you can get some. Anything will do, towels, napkins, anything. And I want ice."

Mrs. Daley came at once to the rescue. "Do you go to Rickey Madigan's, and ask him for some towels. And Mickey, do you be seein' that the gentleman don't pay Rickey as much as he asks! Sure," she explained to the edification of the gentlemen, "Rickey is always askin' more than he thinks he'll get! And to the saloon you could be gettin' ice."

So Mickey guided Mr. Daniels back again to the street. But in Rickey Madigan's enticing windows there was no gleam of light; evidently midnight suppers were not in vogue in the Court. But Mickey was not daunted; he seized both handles of the door, and shook them mightily, explaining, "Rickey lives in the back—he might be hearin' us rap and come out!"

Rickey *did* hear it, and *did* come out, vowing vengeance on the one who had awakened him; but the sight of the silk hat at the door amazed him into silence, and he lit the gas to see them better, and then, befogged by sleep, couldn't understand what they wanted. Mr. Daniels slowly drew from his pocket a roll of bills, and held them where Rickey could see them, and he at once awakened fully, and produced from beneath

his counter a half-dozen neatly folded towels, and held them forth, and to Mickey's disgust, he had no chance to show his gift at bartering, for Mr. Daniels at once paid the asked price. Then he turned to Rickey, and said calmly, "Now, if you don't mind, give this boy what he wants to eat. What do you want, Mickey, speak out!"

And Mickey, partly because there stood on the counter a row of pies, and partly because deep in his boy's soul there lay a great, unsatisfied desire to some day eat all the pie he wanted, he gasped out just the one word, "Pie!"

Mr. Daniels couldn't decide, as he watched him eat, in unclouded appreciation, a whole mince pie, whether he or Mickey enjoyed that pie the more. As they went out, he said solemnly to Mickey, who was filled with an ineffable content, "Mickey, if you die to-night, I'm guilty of murder. A mince pie at midnight!"

But Mickey answered soulfully, "I could eat another!"

If Rickey Madigan's had been closed, not so the saloon on the corner! In all the neighbourhood of the Court, it was by far the most inviting place to be seen; its windows were always

clean, and a welcome always ready for the one who dropped in carelessly. "This is Flannigan's," explained Mickey. "It's fine in there!"

"How do *you* know?" enquired Mr. Daniels sharply.

"How do *I* know?" echoed Mickey. "I been there often! You get a cent in the Court for gettin' a pail of beer!"

"A cent! Good Lord, does a cent pay you for that!" Mr. Daniels' voice was very earnest. Mickey's answer was decisive, and its philosophy was unanswerable. "It's the only way you ever get a cent—and when you're hungry, a cent is all right!"

"Mickey," something in Mr. Daniels' voice made the boy look up quickly at him, "where does that door lead to?"

"Lead to?" echoed Mickey. "Sure to Flannigan's saloon."

"Now listen to me, Mickey, and remember what I say!" His sharp tones rang out cuttingly. "That door leads to hell!"

For a moment Mickey was silent, then he touched Mr. Daniels slyly on the sleeve. "Then 'tis a queer place entirely to be lookin' for ice!"

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There were a good many men in the place, but they all made way for Mr. Daniels, and one of them whispered, "Inspector." But for an inspector he seemed very courteous and well-dressed, nor could they imagine an officer abroad at midnight with a silk hat and no umbrella, so they hovered about to learn the business of the strangely mated pair. When they went out with the ice wrapped in towels they had agreed that he was a doctor, and that evidently some one in the neighbourhood was near Death's door, since a physician in a silk hat was called at midnight.

Jim was tossing restlessly about when they got back to the shop, and Mr. Daniels helped the doctor crack ice for the ice bags. Mrs. Daley urged by the doctor, went home with Mickey, promising to come again in the morning, when "her man" had gone to work.

It was a long night to Billy Daniels, as he watched the doctor perform the thousand little services which Jim required, and he was glad when he could help. Once when he helped to raise Jim from the pillow, he remarked, half jestingly, "Say, Phil! You and I had many a

night lark in the old college days, but we never struck anything like this ! ”

“ And, Billy,” the doctor wiped the perspiration from his forehead, “ this is the only kind of lark that pays ! The kind that we *used* to have was killing—by the help of God, this is the kind that saves.”

“ Save him, Phil ! ” Daniels covered his eyes with his hand. “ The little Saint told us what a man he is, and these people show it. Pull him through, he’s more of a man than I am.”

“ If I pull him through, Billy,” the doctor’s hand grasped his firmly, “ *you* did *your* share—you gave me the tools to work with.”

How slowly the night wore on ! Jim seemed to rest more quietly, except that he tugged at his shirt, and now and then muttered about “ Margaret.” Now and then he restlessly tried to sit up, and spoke about the ticket which he was evidently trying to take from his shirt, and once he lifted his arms imploringly towards the faded picture on the wall, and muttered, “ I’ll be gettin’ it back, Margaret ! I’ll have enough soon ! ”

Billy Daniels paced back and forth in the

little shop, now and then throwing an uneasy glance at the restless figure on the bed. He was used to seeing physical suffering in the hospital, but this, this pleading, the pitiful murmuring of a name with love trembling in every tone, was new, was nerve-wrecking. He turned to the doctor. "Phil, what ticket do you fancy he's talking about?"

The doctor knit his brows. "Whatever it is, I fancy it's in that little bag around his neck. Pawn ticket, likely; that's the kind best known down here. At any rate, it's heavy on his mind, and it's a hard thing to cure a patient whose heart isn't at rest. Maybe it's a wedding ring he pawned to keep his head above water."

"Maybe!" This tragedy of poverty was getting very real to Daniels, and it stirred him as few things had. "Maybe it was 'Margaret's' wedding-ring. But if it was, the way he's talking of her, he wouldn't have pawned it."

"Billy," Dr. Hanauer shifted the pillows as deftly as his white-capped nurses might have done, "there's many a man had to tear his heart out just to get bread."

"Say, Hanauer, find the ticket! You're the

doctor and can, and we may be able to clear his mind." Daniels bent over the bed, as if to find it himself should the doctor refuse. But Dr. Hanauer quickly loosened the tough cord that bound the little bag, and in a moment the treasure lay before them, a little green ticket, with its short inscription, "Two dollars to James Belway, Dec. 3, for wedding-ring marked J. B. to M. R.," and wrapped around it, was a scrap of paper, and on it was written in precise, even little letters, "God forgive me, Margaret, but I couldn't rest with Puddin' suffering with his back so. I only let the ring go so to help the little Saint out. God willing, Margaret, I'll save bit by bit till I get it back."

They read it together, and then without one word, the doctor slipped the paper back into the bag, and hung it again about Jim's neck. Daniels sat with his head upon his arm, bent upon the footboard, and Dr. Hanauer, his own eyes filled with tears, understood why he did not raise his head. But in a moment Daniels stood up, and said huskily, "I'm glad we came down here to-night, Phil. I don't think Flanery Court can afford to lose such a man yet." Then, after a

moment, " Good God, Hanauer, that man pawned a wedding-ring to help a kid—and I spent thirty thousand last year, and not a soul better off except the saloon-keepers, damn them ! "

The doctor turned from his patient and the two men faced each other, the faces of both filled with deeper feeling than could creep to their lips. " Billy, you and I have been a good deal to each other for a good many years now—ever since the old college days, fifteen years ago. My parents were poor Jews, God bless them ! And I had a hard pull up hill. *You* were bred in luxury, and had a fair road before you. We are both of us just what our boyhood homes helped to make us, so to some degree we are free from blame or praise. The trouble with you is that you never *had* any trouble. But I tell you, you are more of a man than you *know* ! You are stronger than you were a year ago, and little by little the devil will let go his hold. It was this man before us who put Puddin' Sweeney in our charge ; it was *you* who helped Puddin', and many another little sufferer, through much of their pain. There isn't a child in the wards that doesn't love you, —they know who pays for the toys, and

the flowers, and the pictures, and the candy. Straighten out, Billy! There's much of your thirty thousand didn't go to saloon-keepers. You've got a big heart, and a clean hand, and your backbone's getting stiffer."

"God bless you, Phil!" Daniels held the doctor's hand in a grip that might have belonged to his old football days. "I can thank *you* for any backbone that I've got. I learned something to-night about what money can do. So help me God, I'll prove to you I learned it to good advantage."

He picked up the pawn ticket which lay upon the bed, and slipped it into his pocket. "When the morning comes, I'll get the ring. You send down a nurse, and if money can pull him through, he'll live. And if he does he won't have to pawn his wedding-ring again."

"Daniels, look at him!" The doctor pointed to the bed.

"What is it?" Daniels' voice was filled with dread. "Is he worse?"

"Worse!" Doctor Hanauer's voice rang with triumph. "Worse! Why, Billy, he's sleeping like a baby, and the crisis is passed! And we pulled him out of Death's own jaws!"

“ We ! ” echoed Billy scornfully. “ *You* did ! ”

“ Yes, Billy,—but I was only the instrument !
You did too, and the Saint, and Mrs. Daley, and
Mickey, and,” very reverently, “ God ! ”

XV

MR. DANIELS GOES SHOPPING

TRUE to her word, Mrs. Daley arrived at the shop very early, but no earlier than the nurse, who had been summoned by telephone. Mrs. Daley surveyed her silently, and watched the preparation of a gruel with intense interest. "I'm thinkin'," she remarked to the doctor, "*she* won't be needin' my help this morning."

The doctor, worn out by the night's vigil, answered kindly, "She will need no one, Mrs. Daley. You are very kind, and I am sure he will appreciate it when he's better."

"Dr. Hanauer!" Mrs. Daley put her coarse red hand on the doctor's sleeve. "'Tis we poor ones *must* be kind, for we're always *needin'* each other. But there isn't many like you, and when I said my prayers last night, I just told the Lord if any one was deservin' everything good, 'twas the likes of you, comin' down such a wild night to where there was never a cent to meet you!"

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"Thank you, Mrs. Daley." No society lady ever received a more courtly bow than Honorah Daley, washerwoman by profession. "Your prayer is the richest pay I ever got for a cure."

The ride to the hospital seemed long to the two weary men, and when at last they reached the doctor's cozy rooms, they were too tired to eat the dainty breakfast spread there. The Saint was sleeping, so the nurse said, and probably would sleep half the day from sheer exhaustion. When at last they went to bed to get their much-needed rest, the doctor's trained senses gave in at once; but Daniels tossed about, still filled with a feeling of content and satisfaction that had not been his for years. And half asleep, and half awake, he thought of many half-remembered things that had filled other years—of his pretty, gentle mother, who had tried to guide him aright,—of the boyhood days when he was filled with a desire to *do* things, to *be* somebody—and when he slept, he was back in the old days. When he awoke, in the early afternoon, it was with a new feeling of reliance, of strength, that gave a gleam to his eye and a flush to his cheeks. Stepping

to the window, as he dressed, he remarked forcibly, "Billy, you're a winner this time! You're one step ahead."

Up-stairs, Cecilia was slowly coming back to life. When she opened her eyes, and saw the snowy coverlet, and the sunlight on the floor, and the dainty little frills at her wrists, she simply let her lids droop with ineffable content, entirely too weary to reason how she came there. But, bit by bit, there drifted into her mind the thoughts of her weary trudge in the rain with Mickey, to call Dr. Hanauer; and with the thought of Jim, came the sickening weight of dread that had lain upon her heart for two days, and she bounded from the bed. The noise brought a nurse from the hall, who vainly tried to insist that she go back to bed. "Where are my clothes?" Her voice rang shrill and hard. "Where *are* they? Give them to me this minute—I've got to go home, I tell you, Jim's sick!"

"Yes, dear, you *shall* go, but now you are to stay in bed until the doctor comes." The nurse's tones were so calm that they but added fuel to the Saint's anger.

"I *won't* stay in bed, I tell you! Give me my

clothes, or I'll yell! I'll yell so loud the doctor will hear me!"

"You're yelling quite loud enough now for any purpose." Mr. Daniels stood in the doorway, coolly surveying the red mass of tumbled hair, and the thin flushed face. "I thought you were called *Saint Cecilia*!"

"Mr. Daniels," her voice had lost some of the anger, and she held out her hands to him pleadingly, "tell her to give me my clothes! I've got to go home to Jim, he's awful sick!" And as she spoke, she remembered suddenly that Mickey had been with her, and that it ought to be night-time, and she brushed back her hair with a puzzled gesture. "Where's Mickey? What time is it? Did the doctor go?"

Mr. Daniels quietly picked up the trembling little form, and put her back in bed. Then he sat down beside her, and very calmly, and clearly, and gently, he told her all about their going to the Court, and about the doctor's hard battle with death, and how he had come off victorious. And as he talked, a great load rolled off the troubled little heart, and she buried her head under the blanket, and sobbed and sobbed, each

sob shaking her thin little body so that Daniels' heart ached as he watched her. And when the sobs had ceased, she sat up, and with a great light shining in her eyes, said, "And he did all that for Jim! Oh, I'm *glad* I came up with Mickey! Mrs. Daley said he wouldn't go, but she don't know how good he is."

"She knows now, Cecilia," and he told her what Mrs. Daley had said that morning. And he told her, too, ever so many funny little things, all that he could think of, even of Mickey and his mince-pie, until the tears were dry on her cheeks, and she was smiling faintly. And when she wanted to get up so that she could go back to Jim, he told her of the pretty nurse who was taking care of him, and then her eyes grew bright and happy.

"I guess maybe she can take as good care of him as I can," she said.

"Yes," admitted Mr. Daniels, gravely, "maybe she can. She was cooking a fine gruel when I left there."

The Saint sat up quickly. "The wood-box is empty."

"No, my dear," he corrected gently, "you

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needn't worry, the wood-box is full. And Jim is going to have everything he needs to make him well and strong, and the nurse will take such wonderful care of him, that he won't even know himself when he looks in that little glass over the shelf."

Cecilia smiled happily. "Ain't everybody awful good! Jim's awful good, too. Maybe God saw how good Jim was, and so He made people good to him on purpose."

"Maybe!" Mr. Daniels stood up. "Then you ought to be awful good, too. Now there's only one way for *you* to be good to-day, that is to stay in bed and do precisely what the nurse tells you to do. If you don't do it, then Jim himself couldn't call you good. Will you promise?"

And the Saint responded solemnly, "Honest injun, cross my neck and body, I promise."

And he knew she'd keep her word, and set forth on the first shopping expedition for years. He had made up his mind that the Saint's wardrobe, as he recalled it of the night before, was not effective against the winter weather. Shutting his teeth tightly, he decided he would remedy the lack. He went into the first store

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whose showy windows greeted him after he got off the car, and stated his wants at the first counter he struck. "I want a dress for a little girl."

"Certainly." The pretty saleswoman lifted her eyebrows slightly. "Washable or cloth?"

Mr. Daniels pondered a moment. He couldn't remember just what kind little girls *did* wear but he remembered how cold Cecilia had looked, and said, "Cloth, a red one."

Then he was shown to an elevator, and went up to another story; and when he had told again what he wanted, a little girl took him in charge, and announced loudly when she had ushered him to a counter, "This here gentleman wants a dress for his little girl."

"Certainly!" This saleswoman's voice was pleasanter than the other's, and he took courage. "What price?"

He knitted his brows, and wondered what business it was of hers anyway what he intended paying for the dress. Then he said irrelevantly, "I want a red one."

"Yes?" She looked at him as if she were rather amused. "What age?"

"Oh." He thankfully remembered that he knew her age. "Thirteen."

Mr. Daniels wondered what any store should want to keep so many kinds of dresses for; as far as he was concerned, a dress was a dress, and beyond the colour, he could see very little difference. Perhaps the saleswoman had had such customers before—Daniels soon found out that she knew what he wanted even if he didn't himself—and it was a pretty red flannel sailor suit that was wrapped up. While he was waiting for his change, he told her of various other things he wanted to purchase, and perhaps it was because he looked so helpless, or because she took an honest interest in a patron, but she said she had a little sister of thirteen, and offered to go with him to the other departments if the head of her department would allow it. And when the head of the department noted the aristocratic presence of the patron, he gave his consent very graciously. Mr. Daniels found his shopping much simplified by the aid of the obliging saleswoman; he was amazed at her intricate acquaintanceship with the qualities, and styles, and varieties of the various things he purchased. She bought the shoes

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and the stockings, and the warm set of underwear, and the long heavy coat, and the mittens and last a ribbon for the Saint's ruddy hair—all Mr. Daniels had to do was to pay for them. When at last his shopping was completed, he realized with a sudden burst of gratitude how much trouble that saleswoman had saved him, and he stopped at the candy department and sent a box of candy to the "girl in the dress department with blue eyes and freckles on her nose and a bow in her hair." He never knew that that box of candy went to a very humble little home where the little ones knew candy only as a rare and wonderful treat.

When Daniels got back to the hospital, he went at once to the office, where Dr. Hanauer was making up reports; perhaps he was still tired from the watch of the night before, but somehow the reports didn't seem to come out right, for he was frowning heavily. But the frowns fled when Daniels entered.

"Hello, Billy! Haven't seen you to-day. How are you?"

"Oh, Hanauer! Played out." And he looked very woe-begone.

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The doctor eyed him keenly. "Been out? Where?"

Daniels returned the gaze quietly. "Oh, you needn't look at me! I have been out, and I didn't drink a drop. I've been shopping."

"Shopping!" Dr. Hanauer was surprised that he hadn't noticed the bundles before. "Jerusalem! I should think you had! What under the sun did you buy?"

"What did I buy!" Daniels answered tragically. "Sir, I have bought the necessities of life!" And he unfolded to the doctor's interested gaze his purchases of the afternoon. "I don't buy a wardrobe for a saint every day!"

"Billy, if she goes down to the Court in that rig, Court circles will never get over it!" The doctor surveyed the outspread wardrobe admiringly. "Why a sight of her in that dress ought to cure Jim Belway. He asked for her this afternoon."

"Were you there? How is he?" Daniels forgot his shopping at once.

"How is he? My dear Billy, how ought one

of my patients be when I worked over him a whole night?" was the laughing answer.

"By Jove, Phil," Daniels surveyed the earnest face before him admiringly, "he ought to be well!"

"Oh, say, give him half a chance! He isn't *well*, but he's going to be! If I had let him talk he'd have killed himself trying to thank me. Seems Mickey's mother was in and the nurse says she told all she knew in five minutes, and left the patient in a nervous state that would have hurt him if I hadn't come in. As it was, I admitted some, and denied some, and lied some, and the only thing that is apt to kill him now is the shock to his pride. He says he'll pay me and the nurse and you and every one else who has laid out a cent. And I had to say we'd take it, or let his fever rise, so I promised."

"How did you do it, Phil? He was near death last night! To me it seems almost uncanny; it may be only science, but to me it's a miracle."

"It wasn't only science, Billy, and it wasn't a miracle, except in the sense that it always *is* a miracle the way nature squares accounts. Back

of that attack of pneumonia stretched a clean life, and that gave science the upper hand of death. That's all!"

"That's all!" Daniels' voice was a bit strained. "But a clean life is something you can't buy! And a clean life in that God-forsaken Court is a finer achievement than anywhere else! Phil, that little red-headed Saint told me to keep on fighting—I rather think I will! God knows I can make an effort at least to keep the rest of my life clean!"

"And Billy," the doctor's voice had a glad ring in it, "you can make the stains of the past grow dim. Why, Jim Belway had that wedding-ring on his finger, and the nurse said that when the messenger brought it, he cried and kissed it, and called down blessings on the one that sent it. Why I believe you've wiped out a lot of them already." And they went up-stairs together, and found that the Saint was getting very restless in bed.

The doctor very gravely felt her pulse and looked at her tongue, and sounded her chest, then he announced solemnly, "The patient may now get up, provided she puts on at once these

garments provided," and Mr. Daniels just as solemnly laid out on the bed his purchases of the afternoon. Cecilia looked at them a moment, then looked at the doctor and Mr. Daniels, and didn't know what to say; her eyes took in with delight the pretty things, and all her innate feminine love of finery shone in her face. But her eyes soon filled with tears, and her cheeks flushed red, and she said: "My own clothes is good enough. I can't pay for these. I only take things from Jim—Jim says that's square, for I work it out."

Mr. Daniels' face clouded and the doctor looked puzzled, but the nurse, being a woman, felt she could help them out. So she said quietly, "I'll tell you! Cecilia will try them on, and see if they fit, for I know a girl just her size who will be glad to take them. And then she will go in and see how Puddin' likes them."

So they left her with the nurse, and went in to see Puddin', and await the Saint's coming. And in about a half-hour she came to them, and staring at her, they weren't quite sure whether this was really little St. Cecilia of the Court, or if it were some one else conjured up by the nurse.

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This one wore a suit so warm and bright that even into her wan cheeks, under the glow of the dim lights, there had crept a bit of its glow ; the unruly red locks had been brushed smoothly back, and were held in place by a great black bow. For the first time in her little life, all her garments were whole, and as she walked towards them, she was filled with a certain exaltation that had come to her as she put on the new, neat clothes.

Puddin', having progressed so far as to be propped up in bed, looked at her wonderingly, his big eyes filled with admiration. He seemed to doubt her identity until she was fairly by the bedside, and then he ejaculated, " Golly ! Celie ! "

" Puddin', darling," she bent over the bed lovingly, " do you think I look nice ? "

Puddin's answer was emphatic. " Do you look *nice* ! I never *seen* you look like that ! " Then, the admiration evidently growing deeper, he said, " I love you more now ! "

" Puddin' ! " The Saint's voice was full of an indignant hurt protest. " Don't you know, I'm just the same ! Sure you love me just as much in my own dress ! "

But Puddin's masculine instincts came out stronger than his reason. "No, I don't! I like you better in that dress! You never *did* look that way before!"

Mr. Daniels seized his opportunity, and remarked, "I think a great deal of Puddin', and I am very sorry that he isn't to have the opportunity of seeing you in it all the time. I fancy it would help him to get well."

Cecilia looked down at Puddin', and the heavy ugly brace that supported his back, then she looked down at the red dress, and smoothed its folds softly, and felt of the satin ribbon on her hair; then she lifted her face to Mr. Daniels and said slowly, "I'll take back what I said, and I'll keep the nice things, 'cause Puddin' likes them," and then, too honest to hide her thought, she finished with, "And 'cause I like 'em too!"

They saw the pleasure radiating from her face, and how thorough it was they knew from her whispered words to Puddin'. "Oh, Puddin', the shoes have got shiny ends, and the hat's got a feather on it!"

She was too full of a restless happiness to keep silent, and the doctor and Mr. Daniels, passing

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down between the two rows of beds, heard her
singing to Puddin', the words ringing sweetly
through the long room,

“Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Hark! how the angels sing,
Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna to your King.”

XVI

A SURPRISE PARTY ON JIM

THE next morning, Cecilia went back to the Court, escorted by Mr. Daniels; and, marvel of marvels, they went in a carriage! When they got in, her heart beat so that she could scarcely take in the magnificence of it all; but when the glory of being whirled along behind the horses had somewhat died down, she ran her hand across the seat, and delightedly announced, "Ain't it soft!"

"The first time you've been in a carriage?" queried Daniels.

"No," and the glad light died out of her face. "Jim and me and Mrs. Daley went in a carriage to my mother's funeral. But it wasn't like this. And I wasn't thinkin' then of it. Now," with a sigh of content, "it's all different."

She looked into the little mirror on the side, and said, as she saw the reflection of the feather in her hat, "I guess I'm Cinderella, goin' to the ball!"

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"Yes, I think you must be," remarked Daniels quizzically. "I look just like a fairy god-mother!"

Cecilia laughed, and then said gratefully, "Well, if you don't *look* like her, you're just as good!"

"Thanks." He looked down at her earnestly. "I never appreciated before just how that famous lady felt."

When the carriage stopped at the Court, the Saint remembered gratefully that most of her friends were in school at the time, and wouldn't see her in her new apparel; but right at the very entrance to the Court, on the stoop of Mrs. Grogan's grocery, stood Jimmy Flynn, who, having a toothache, was out of school, his face being swathed in a huge bandanna handkerchief, which gave him a most festive appearance, quite belied by his swollen cheek. He saw the carriage stop, he gave one curious glance, then he rushed precipitately through the gangway, across the Court, to the entrance to their tenement, where he shrieked in staccato tones, "Ma! Ma! Look at the Saint! She kem in a kerridge!" The younger children at the pump rushed at

once to look upon her, while Mrs. Flynn and her neighbours gathered at windows and doors, and beheld in speechless amazement, the Saint in a new coat and hat, and a tall gentleman, with patent leather shoes on and a silk hat, disappear into Jim's shop.

Mrs. Daley, feeling what a prominent place she held in the eyes of the Court aristocracy since she had watched at Jim's bedside, and met there the up-town doctor, ostentatiously went to the pump for water, announcing casually, "'Tis a cross which looks finer, Cecilia or Mr. Billy."

Mrs. Flynn sniffed audibly, and remarked from the doorway, "Mr. Billy! I've heard a sight of names, but I never heard that for a last name!"

Mrs. Daley then recalled that "Daniel" had figured in the name somewhere, and as she carried her pail from the pump, remarked carelessly, "I'm not saying whether it is his front name or his back name. It might be Billy Daniel, or it might be Daniel Billy. Either way, 'tis a fine man he is!" And as soon as she conveniently could, Mrs. Daley managed to run across to the shop to inquire for Jim.

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When she had really gotten in, she stopped short to look. She entirely disapproved of the nurse, who, since her first call when she had given the patient details about his illness, had refused her entrance; but gazing about now, she couldn't help but admire her work. The place was spotlessly clean, and all the shoemaking apparatus was piled in one corner. At the door was a snowy curtain of muslin, which kept the inquisitive eyes of the boys from peering into the shop. The old quilt was down, and the place made into one room. The little table was pulled into the centre, and was covered with a white cloth. On the stove stood a kettle which was singing in sheer joy at its great polished nickel expanse. Jim, lying weakly on the pillows, was almost as white as the coverlet—but his hair was smoothly brushed, and his night-shirt was spotless; Mrs. Daley, in her swift survey, saw that it had fine bands of embroidery on it, and guessed correctly that it had once belonged to Mr. Billy. Mr. Billy and the nurse, standing at the bedside, were smiling at the Saint, who regardless of new coat and feathered hat, had thrown herself down by Jim, and hold-

ing his hand in hers, could not talk from sheer happiness.

Mrs. Daley did not allow her curiosity to overwhelm her manners, for she made an imposing bow, and said cheerily, "Good-mornin' to you all! I'll be asking for your health this day, Jim!"

And Jim smiled faintly at her, and said, with his old look at Cecilia, that he never felt better in his life; and Mr. Daniels pulled out the chair, and invited her to sit down, in a manner, as she afterwards remarked to Mrs. Flynn, that made her feel like a queen. But she was too excited to sit down, and remarked instead to Cecilia, "Sure and never did I see any one change so! 'Tis a saint ye look this day, Cecilia, God bless you! 'Tis well for you you went to the horse-pittal that night and 'tis well for Jim here, and 'tis well for my Mickey, for it's the fine suit of clothes he's got, and it's thankin' you I am, Mr. Billy—I mean Mr. Daniel—I mean——" and floundering helplessly, she was rescued by Mr. Daniels who said gaily, "Oh, Mickey earned that suit all right enough, Mrs. Daley. And Cecilia earned what she got too! And Cecilia tells me

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that Mr. Belway has earned a lot more than he can ever get, so we're all square."

"God bless you!" Mrs. Daley shook her head wisely. "But there's lots as never gets their earnings this side of death, and it's thankin' you I am, and Jim will be doing the same when he's able!" And she went out leaving Mr. Daniels making a most profound Chesterfieldian courtesy.

Cecilia never could tell half the wonders of that day. Jim seemed to get better every minute that she hovered near him—the nurse turned out to be every bit as nice as the nurses of the hospital, and she made friends with her, and told her true stories of the children she had nursed, and explained why she did everything so and so, and she and Cecilia and Mr. Daniels had lunch on the little round table.—Oh, yes, and Mickey, whom Mr. Daniels had called in. Poor Mickey! Usually so self-reliant and free, this day he was so impressed by the nurse and Cecilia's new dress, and the white table-cloth, and the yellow oranges Mr. Daniels had provided, that he could neither talk nor eat. Mr. Daniels tried in vain to coax him, and the Saint whispered to him, "Go on eat,

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Mickey!" But he couldn't! It was too awful, this spotlessness, this luxury! He was glad when it was all over, and with an orange in his hand, he was free to run home, to explain to his waiting mother the embarrassments of the situation, and to hear her say, "'Tis well for you, Mickey, your mother could teach you proper manners, not to be that coarse like Jimmy Flynn."

But the day came to a close, as even wonderful days do, and Cecilia went back to the hospital reluctantly to stay over night. But she had a secret to be happy over, which Mr. Daniels said she wasn't even to tell Puddin'—the next week, when Jim was strong enough to sit up, Mr. Daniels was going to have a party, a real party, a surprise party, on Jim. He had told her all about it, and she was to help him plan things—if she were good, and didn't refuse to stay at the hospital, and did precisely as she was told.

Then came a whole wonderful week. A week of watching with Puddin', who was allowed to sit up for a little while each day, held tightly in the iron brace—a week of wonderful meals, such as made her wonder if she ever had been really

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hungry—of going to bed in a spotless room between spotless sheets, that made her wonder if she were the same little girl who had once gone shivering to bed, afraid to move lest her mother should awaken—of wonderful trips down town with Mr. Daniels, when she felt as if she really were of kin to the other little girls in the shops. And after the whole week of planning, of marvellous anticipations, came the Sunday of the party, a clear, mild, sunshiny Sunday.

Everybody in the hospital knew about it, from Dr. Hanauer, who wished he weren't too busy to accept Mr. Daniels' very kind invitation, way down to the littlest girl, who dressed her doll once every ten minutes in party attire, in honour of the event. And when the carriage came for them at noon, Cecilia whispered lovingly to Puddin', "I'm awful sorry you can't come, Puddin' darling! But never mind, soon you'll be all right," and Puddin' only laughed as if he didn't mind it at all.

When Mr. Daniels and Cecilia got to the Court, they found that all the Court knew of it too, for Mrs. Daley and Mickey, who were the only invited guests, had triumphantly announced

it at the pump on Friday. When at length they had made their way between the lines of admiring friends (Jimmy Flynn had ecstatically remarked, "Ain't it jest like a funeral!") they found that Mickey and his mother had arrived a full hour before, being escorted to the shop by almost the entire population of the Court. Cecilia couldn't believe this was Jim's old shop, this beautiful place—she didn't know how many trips Mr. Daniels had made to the Court that week!

The walls of the shop, once a dingy gray, were covered with a pretty blue paper, and two pictures hung there; the floor was covered with a bright coloured linoleum. Jim's old wooden bed had been replaced by a white iron one, and a rocking-chair with gay denim pillows looked cozily inviting. Even the stove had been replaced by a newer, shinier one, and a little shelved cabinet was filled with dishes. On the little shelf under Margaret's picture, stood a quaint vase, holding a great bunch of carnations. Jim sat in a great cushioned chair by the bed, wearing a bath robe of eider-down, and looking very happy, although very pale.

Cecilia saw it all in one long lingering glance, and then she clasped her hands tightly, and said, "Oh, Jim!"

"And is that all you can say?" Jim's voice was like his old cheery tones. "I was thinking you'd be saying lots when you'd be coming in!"

"I can't, Jim, oh, I can't!" Her voice shook as if the tears were holding the words back. "But I feel it here," and she held her hand tightly to her breast.

Then Mr. Daniels put them all at their ease by enquiring very minutely after Mrs. Daley's various offspring, individually and collectively, and he listened gravely and appreciatively to a recital of their various temperaments. Mrs. Daley felt precisely in her element—she had always known that the fates had meant her for society; the elegance of her attire helped her the more to be wholly complacent. Her hair was done high upon her head, and on its summit swayed a gigantic daisy, ripped from Josie Daley's summer hat. Mrs. O'Reilly had lent for the occasion her Sunday gown, which, being somewhat snug for portly Mrs. Daley, was helped out in the front by the folds of a great red silk

handkerchief, contributed by Mrs. Grogan. If the skirt were somewhat short, owing to an unkind Nature making Mrs. O'Reilly several inches shorter than the wearer, then it only served, as Mrs. Daley remarked to Mickey, to show off her shoes, which were almost new, having been purchased by Mr. Daley in a spell of reckless extravagance. She saw the admiration in Mr. Daniels' eyes, and graciously remarked, "I am always telling Mickey here, 'tis manners shows off people. All of my people was brought up to manners!"

"I'm sure they were," he answered gravely, his eyes fixed upon the nodding daisy, which at every word of Mrs. Daley's, threatened to fall off. "As soon as I saw Mickey I knew his mother had taught him manners."

"Listen to that now, Mickey!" She was so gratified she couldn't sit still, and rose to smooth out the folds of Jim's gown. "'Tis proud I am to hear it, and 'tis proud I am to be here this day!"

"Me, too!" announced Mickey, as clearly as he could, his gigantic collar threatening to sever his jugular vein if he talked too freely.

Cecilia, her thin face glowing, her hand on Jim's, happily quavered an echo, "Me, too!"

And what could Mr. Daniels do but add his tremendous bass voice, and shout so vociferously as to startle them all, "Me, too!" And then he asked if they weren't all hungry, as for him, he was actually starving.

And the nurse laughed, and said she'd serve right away, when St. Cecilia jumped wildly to her feet, and shrieked "Look!" and then the door opened, and in came Dr. Hanauer, and back of him, carried tenderly, came Puddin', who, too excited to even feel the brace, was yelling shrilly, "Hello, Jim! Hello, Celie! Hello, Mr. Daniels! Hello, Hello! Hello!" and Dr. Hanauer only laughed and said he guessed this was *his* surprise party, and not Mr. Daniels'. And when all had quieted down again, they sat down to dinner, such a dinner as some of them had never dreamed of. The capacity of that oven seemed exhaustless! Only to be measured perhaps by the capacity of the diners. There was soup, and chicken, and little loaves of bread, and potatoes and peas and salad, and when they thought everything was over, and Mickey had opened his

coat to allow for expansion, why, then the nurse brought on ice cream ! Cecilia and Puddin' had had it in the hospital, but Mickey knew only of the little one-cent frozen bars sold by the venders—so he looked in delighted amazement at the pink and white square, and whispered ecstatically, "Ma, it's ice cream !"

"Don't be eatin' too much, Mickey, it ain't manners," came the excited answer.

But Mickey forgot his manners, and to his mother's indignation announced, "I thought I was full, but I'll eat this or bust !"

No one could tell who was the happiest of the guests. Mr. Daniels, seated on the bench between the Saint and Mickey, said he never *had* had such a good time ; Dr. Hanauer, with a watchful eye on his two patients, told innumerable funny little stories ; Jim looked his happiness, and the rest, too, found words too weak to express their content. Every one was supremely happy until a dish of candy was brought forth, and Mickey almost sobbed, "I can't eat any more, ma !"

"Oh, never mind," soothed Mr. Daniels. "You don't have to ! You can carry some home."

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"And," added the doctor, "I guess your stomach will be glad you are carrying it on the outside. *You'll* be coming up to the hospital next with a stomach-ache."

Then Mr. Daniels leaned back against the wall, and with his eyes fixed upon Mrs. Daley's daisy, he sang gaily,

"Once there was a nigger boy
Way down on the Nile,
And he had a stomach-ache,
All, all the while!"

Then Puddin' demanded that Cecilia sing, and with her cheeks flushed, she pushed the hair back from her forehead, and sang softly, not only the chorus, but *all* the words of the song she loved. And when she had finished, she smiled gaily at Jim, "That's *my* surprise for you,—Mr. Daniels taught me that."

And Jim leaned forward, and said earnestly, "'Tis a fine surprise, Saint Cecilia! But I'm having so many surprises that I don't know if I'm asleep or awake. I don't know what to say to you all—my heart is so full that my tongue can't talk. 'Tis the first time I ever had to say thanks to any one, so I scarce know how. I could be squaring up with the folks in the Court



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here, but I don't know what I can do to pay you, Dr. Hanauer, or you, Mr. Daniels. I know well what I'm owing you!"

"No you don't, Mr. Belway!" Mr. Daniels was standing upright now, his head almost touching the ceiling, his eyes fixed intently on Jim's face. "I'm not much of an after-dinner speaker, but I've got a few things to say, and I am going to say them now. You can thank Hanauer if you like—*he* deserves everything you can say. Don't cut in, Phil, this is *my* party! But you can't thank *me*, for I owe you more than you owe me. I've been a drunken fool, Mr. Belway, and if it wasn't for Hanauer I'd have been in a drunkard's grave years ago. Not that I didn't try to fight it back—I did try! But one day when I had about decided to quit the devilish struggle, Saint Cecilia here told me that you said God would forget the weakness in the fight—that only a coward stops fighting! And because of that child's faith in me, I took fresh hold. But I know *you* are to be thanked for her faith! And when she opened the way for me to come down here and lend a hand, she did for me what no doctor ever could do, she gave me a

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purpose in life. Don't dare to thank me! Why I owe to you all, even the desire to live! I know life, but I never realized before what a struggle life meant for some of us! And I never realized before what a man like you means to a community like this until Cecilia told me all about you!"

Jim lifted his hand deprecatingly, but Dr. Hanauer was enthusiastically slapping Mr. Daniels on the back, and shouting, "Good for you, Billy! Your speech is O. K.!"

"But I'm not through!" protested Billy. "I have far more than any man needs, and I propose that I try to pay part of the debt I claim I owe. Mr. Belway, this little girl looks upon you as her guardian; will you listen to my plan? I propose to send her to school until she has a good education, and to so train her voice as to make it, if possible, a source of pleasure and profit to her when she grows up. I want her to meet her life a well-educated, well-trained woman! Do you give your consent?"

"My consent!" echoed Jim, delightedly. "Why, it is a godsend! It is a plan worthy of you!"

"Jim," Cecilia's eyes were big and scared, and her voice trembled, "I can't go away from you and Puddin'."

"Saint Cecilia," Mr. Daniels tried to be stern, "will you please listen! When Dr. Hanauer says that Puddin' is strong enough to leave the hospital, then he too will go to school right with you, and he is going to have an equal chance with you. And if you are afraid Jim will be lonesome here without you, why, I tell you my plans take him in, too!"

But Jim, his voice unshaken, his eyes looking into Mr. Daniels' own, said firmly, "For what you're doing for these children, Mr. Daniels, I am thanking you, and when they are old enough, 'tis like they'll do more; and for what you've done for me—why, what I can pay back I will, and what I can't, I'll never forget. But I couldn't be happy away from the Court, for poor as it is, I've lived my life here, and here among the ones who know me well, I'll finish it. Margaret lived here, and I feel I'm closer to her, sir, here. So, while I'm thanking you for your kindly thought of me and for all, I'll be stayin' here, and mendin' shoes!"

Then Cecilia began to cry, until Mrs. Daley cried impatiently, "Listen to her now! Would a saint be crying because she was getting what few can have! Hush yourself, and be thankin' your stars that the gentleman is doing for you like his own. 'Tis your mother must have prayed to the saints!" And she smoothed the child's hair back lovingly.

"Cecilia," at the first tone of Jim's voice she looked up, "'tis a coward ye'll be if you cry now. This Court is well for me, but God bless Mr. Daniels for saving you from growing up here. You'll be the same little Saint to me, and you'll be seeing me often, but you'll be stopping your crying, and be getting an education that'll be making me proud of ye. Do you want Puddin' to grow up here? How could ye help if you don't know nothing?"

And because she realized what it would mean to Puddin', the tears fled, and she smiled up gratefully at Mr. Daniels, and said, "You're awful good to me and Puddin'! Puddin' *he* don't understand it, 'cause he's too little, but I'll try and be good too, like you and Jim and Doctor Hanauer. I know *now* why my mother was smil-

ing like when she was dead; it was 'cause she knew then that God was going to be awful good to me and Puddin'. And He is!"

Dr. Hanauer put his hand quietly on her shoulder, and said reverently, "He *is* good to you, Saint Cecilia! He is better to you than you realize now!"

"He is that! 'Tis a true word," responded Mrs. Daley fervently.

"And He is best of all to me!" Mr. Daniels' voice was low, and not as steady as usual. "Phil, I am going to start life now where I left off ten years ago. There's ten years gone to waste out of my life, but I'll try to make the rest of it even up."

"Billy, you needn't try to do that! You're even now! There's a fair field before you, and you've got a good start." The doctor's hand grasped his tightly. "You can't call back the past years, but I tell you the future is going to be all the brighter because you know the gloom of the past!"

"You're right there, Dr. Hanauer." Jim straightened out and held forth his hand to Mr. Daniels. "If you keep a brave face and willing

212 Saint Cecilia of the Court

hand to the future, God Himself will take care of the past."

"Then Jim, we can *all* of us be starting fresh this day!" The Saint's hand clasped his lovingly, while her eyes, brilliant with excitement, rested tenderly on the little group. "God knows about how hard my mother used to try, and how me and Puddin' used to be, and He knows about Mr. Daniels a-fightin' and a-tryin', and if He's going to take care of it all, then we can forget it, can't we? And we can keep on a-tryin' and a-gettin' gooder. And Puddin' and me will learn lots, and when we're growed up, maybe you and God and Mr. Daniels, and Dr. Hanauer won't be sorry you were good to us!" And then, because she felt more than she could put into words, she folded her hands reverently, and softly and sweetly drifted into song. Sitting quietly there, in the little shop, in all their hearts there sounded an echo to the tender words, and no service of song ever awakened more solemn reverence than the low words sounding softly through the room,

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Hark! how the angels sing,
Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna to your King!"

THE END

Bishop Brooks and Boston Slums

The Bishop's Shadow

By MRS. I. T. THURSTON

With Illustrations by M. ECKERSON
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AN interesting study of Boston slum life, fine and good in tone. The book gives realistic descriptions of the struggles the street boys have to make a living, how they rough it when without a home, how they form friendships and political combinations, and generously share their joys and sorrows . . . One reads on, conscious at the time only of the story; but meanwhile one is getting many valuable suggestions on practical methods for reaching the poor and neglected classes of people. The delightful character of the "Bishop" is none other than Bishop Brooks.—*The Beacon*.

A CAPITAL book for boys and those who are interested in work for them. One's attention is equally divided between its graphic glimpses of Phillips Brooks and its skillful delineation of the evolution of a boy's character. Boys will read it eagerly, and think about it afterwards. It is calculated to strike sparks of noble endeavor in their hearts. Sunday-school teachers and others will get many hints from it. And those who loved and revered the good bishop will catch at the glimpses of his holy and beneficent life. I heartily commend it.—*Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A.*



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